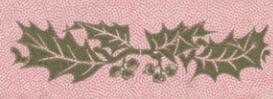


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NUMBER 4

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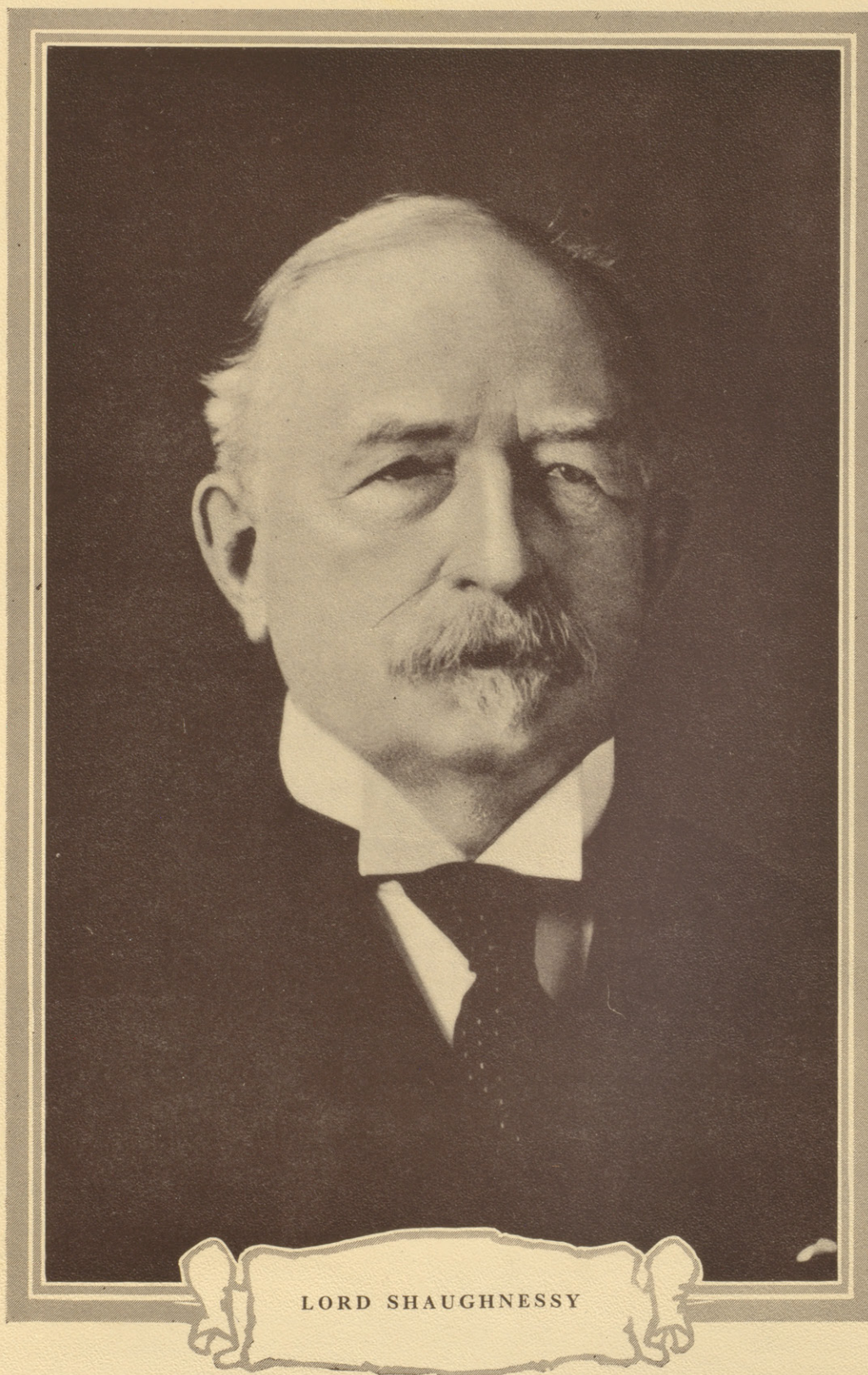
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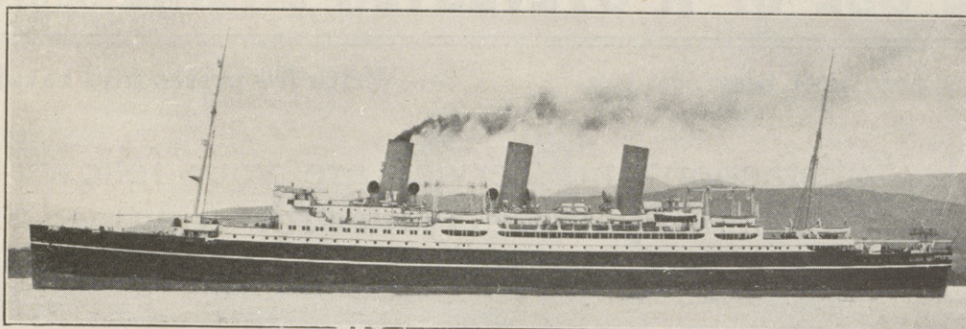
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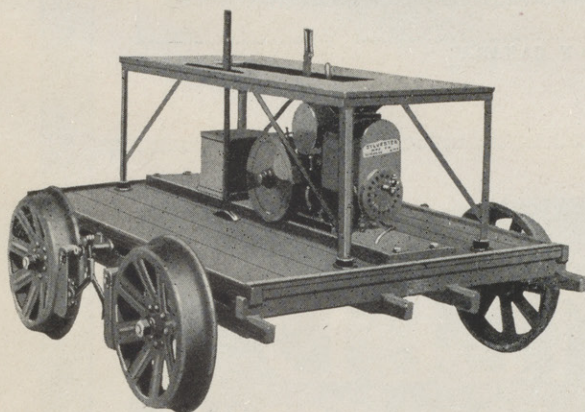
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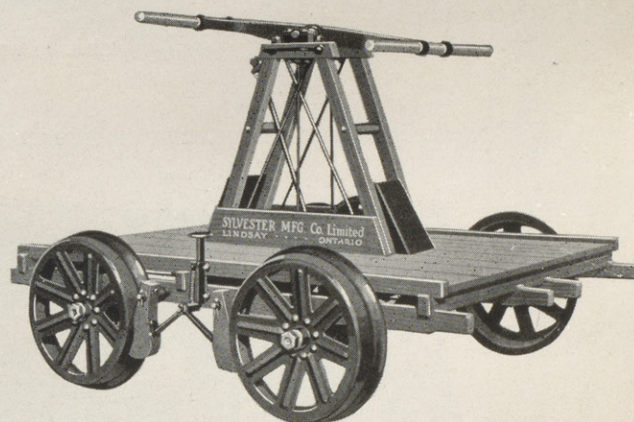
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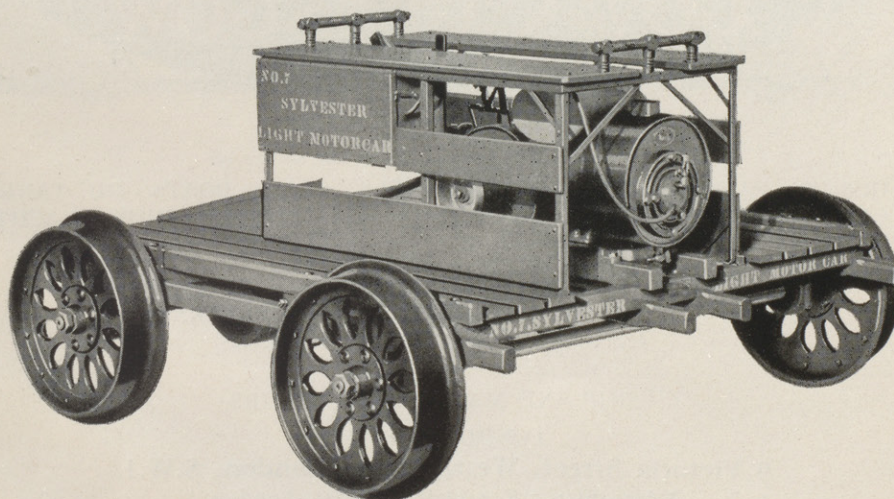
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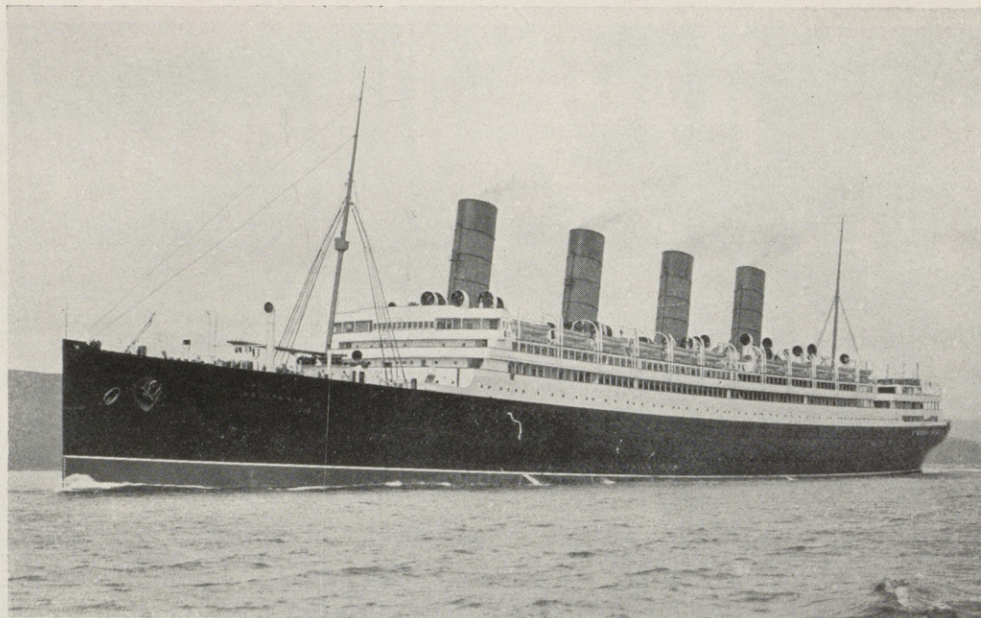
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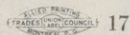
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Secretary & Editor

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No. 4

Our Christmas Wish

WITH Christmas back again, there is reflection on the year that is gone and the year that is to come. Happily, the human being is hopeful, and whatever the difficulties and disappointments of the past year, the future prospect is usually viewed optimistically. It is good that this is so, for many have had troubles enough without anticipating troubles ahead. Viewed generally, Christmas is a pretty good time. And if it is a good time to the great mass of people, it behooves the mass to take care of the less fortunate minority. That this is done in fairly substantial measure is a tribute to the inspiration of the season.

We wish you a merry Christmas, and the means and desire to see to it that all about you also have a merry Christmas.



The National Emblem of Canada—the Beaver. Our first engineer and contractor. Once the basis of Canadian exchange—before our present banking system was inaugurated.

The Animals Celebrate Christmas by a Protective Conference

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

THE Wild Life of Canada was about to go into session in its first Protective Conference. It had come together near Banff, in the Rocky Mountains National Park, on the smooth, grassy plain, within the shadow of beautiful Mount Castle in British Columbia. For months preparations had been under way.

Here were gathered, at the call of the Committee, practically every known species of Canadian wild animal life inhabiting the Dominion. The ponderous Buffalo, in his furry robe and shaggy mane; the majestic Moose, with his Jewish countenance and spreading antlers; the lumbering Bear, Black, Brown, Cinnamon, Grizzily and Polar, with his ruffled coat and beady eyes; the stately Elk; the graceful Deer—Mule, Red, and Virginia; the Rocky Mountain Sheep with his curling horns; the mufli-like Goat, his spats whitened for the occasion; the gentle Antelope; the Red, Black, Cross and Silver Fox; the snarling Lynx; the Skunk; the Porcupine; the Raccoon; the Wolf; the Wolverine; the Fisher; the Beaver and many others. A great herd of Caribou from the so-called Barren-lands of the North, jumping from National Park to National Park for protection and rest during the journey, was in evidence.

With the aid of the feathered creatures of the air, notification of the forth-coming conference had been

spread far and wide, and though no replies had been returned to the Convening Committee, it was clear from the great assemblage present, that the response had been generous and complete.

They gathered carelessly round a huge pile of wood and stone from which the speakers were to address them and waited patiently for the opening remarks. The day was perfect—such a one as is often to be found in those high, dry, altitudes; not a cloud flecked the azure dome of the sky; a gentle breeze softly wafted the perfume of the pine woods while a bright spring sun shed its warming rays over the land as if in universal blessing.

They were not kept long waiting. Soon the Beaver, chosen Chairman on account of his reputation and eminence, for his record of work and value, for the fact that he had been selected as the emblem of Canada and at one time was the basis of Canadian exchange, wriggled himself clumsily onto the speaker's platform and clearing his throat, hammered loudly on the logs with his tail as an evidence that the Conference was to come to order.

"My friends," he began, "you are gathered here today at the call of your executive, from the uttermost parts of this huge land, to listen to the complaints,

Continued on page 8

Top, left—Our mightiest wild animal—the Bull Moose. Wherever there is forest cover or swamp retreat, you will mostly find the moose. On account of his ponderous horns and great shoulder height, he was called by the French pioneers, "L'Original."

Top, centre—"It's a Bear." Canada possesses, in numerical abundance Grizzly, Polar, Black, Brown, by far the greatest proportion of the bear population of North America. He will be found in the wooded regions from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No immigration restrictions here.

Lower, left—The Rocky Mountain Sheep. He ranges the Rocky Mountains and if he were eligible, would be a desirable member of the Alpine Club.

Centre, left—The Pronghorn Antelope. The most gentle, most graceful and fleetest of all Canadian animals. At one time they were near extinction but protection increased the herds to approximately 3,000.

Centre, left—The Yak. Not a native wild animal but an immigrant. He is settled in our National Parks. Is reported to be a good citizen.

Centre, left—The Mighty Buffalo. Once the prairies shook to the thunder of his hoofs; today, he's in captivity in our National parks.

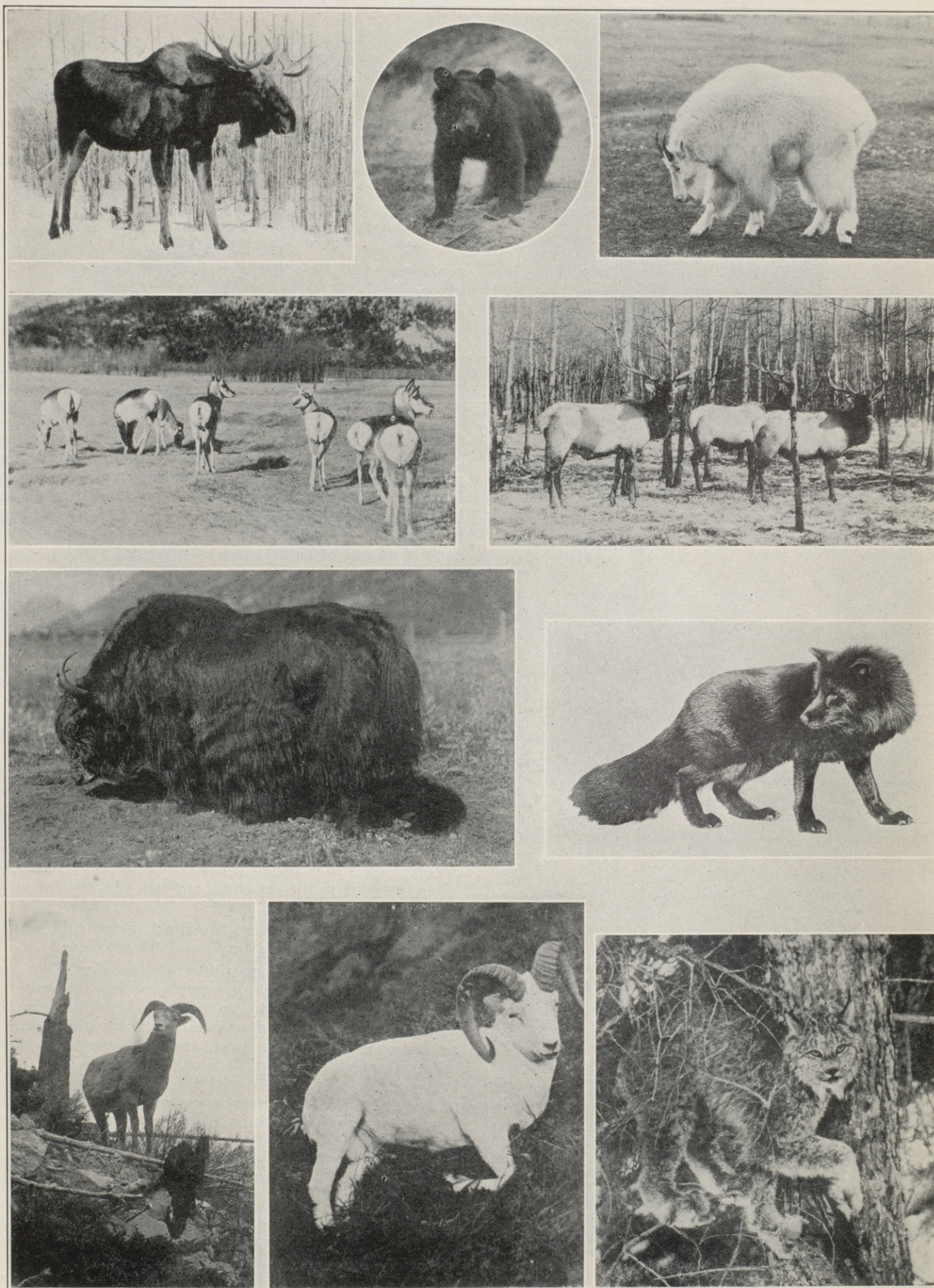
Centre, right—The Wapiti or the Elk. Next to the Moose, our largest deer. Formerly occupying the greater part of the central region, they are now restricted to certain parts of the Prairie Provinces and to British Columbia.

Centre, right—The Silver Fox. There were in 1922, 22,318 of these animals valued at over \$5,000,000 on domestic fur farms in Canada. The silver fox industry originated in Prince Edward Island but has now extended to every province in the Dominion.

Lower, centre—Dall's Mountain Sheep. They range in color from pure white to black. Its head is prized as a trophy of the finest kind.

Top, right—The Mountain Goat is the only representative on this continent of the numerous wild species of goats found throughout Asia, Southern Europe and Northern Africa. He holds the Canadian long distance jumping record and vies with the Sheep in climbing precipitous and inaccessible rock faces. An honorary member of the Alpine Club.

Lower, right—A first cousin of our domestic pets. The lynx increases or diminishes with periods of abundance of rabbits though it catches other things. Since 1916, there has been greater adoption of lynx as fur than heretofore. He will be found from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.



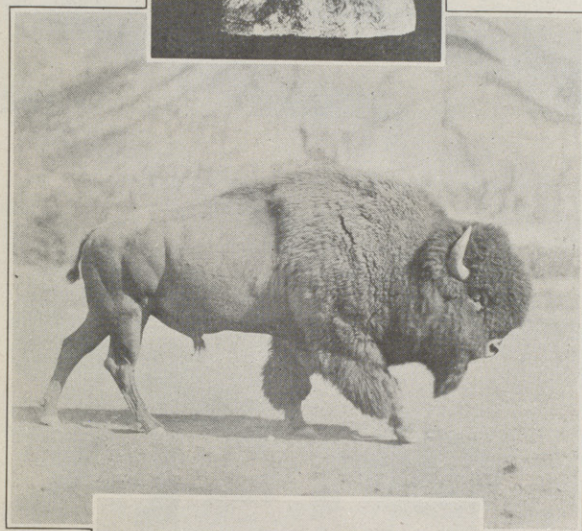
Information about these illustrations foot of opposite page



Top—The Polar Bear Cub. A dweller in the Arctic—Hudson Bay and Labrador. He faces the long Arctic winter outdoors hunting his food along the edges of ice-floes. Only in the summer is he able to partake of a vegetable diet. Hudson Bay returns show that he requires protection, for in 1911, only 97 skins were offered for sale at their London auction.

Centre—The Mighty Buffalo. Once the prairies shook to the thunder of his hoofs; today, he's in captivity in our National parks.

Lower—The Mule Deer, or Jumping Deer as it is called on account of its peculiar gait, is larger than the Red Deer. Its range extends from Southern Manitoba to Northern Alberta and Southern British Columbia.



observations and suggestions of all our kind and to discuss them and draw up plans and resolutions for our general betterment and protection. In this great National Park, one of many such provided by man for his own interests and advancement, but which are nevertheless, our protection, we are as safe and secure as if each of us was at home in his own retreat and lair."

"Here no huntsmen pass to destroy us with their weapons nor are there set any cruel traps and snares to torture us before we are put to death. To these National Parks came during the past year, over 116,000 persons, and to this park alone, nearly 72,000. I will not bother you by naming these many parks and reserves but will sum up by saying that the area of the National Parks alone is approximately 9,000 square miles. The annual revenue to the Government through these parks is close to \$25,000,000—to us, nothing—to man, whose greed for money is an outstanding character—something of very great importance. Yet, in spite of the presence of such numbers of man, here we can, at anytime, speak freely and openly of our trials and difficulties and here we may remain until, in our own good time, we have accomplished that which this Conference was called for, when we will again separate and go our several ways homewards."

"Hear! Hear!" growled the Black Bear, rubbing the end of his snout with a grimy paw, "Hear! Hear!"

"Before, however," continued the speaker, "we pass on to the discussion of our many problems, it would, I think, perhaps, be of interest to you to know some of the many reasons why man selfishly cares for and protects us, why he fosters our kind, and just what monetary value we are to him and to this country. I have, with very considerable trouble, with the aid of a representative of this association in every province in Canada, gathered together certain data which, with your permission, I will read to you."

A rising volume of applause interrupted the speaker for a few moments.

"In referring to it, of course," and he cast a keen glance around the assemblage, "I cannot possibly attempt within the limited time at our disposal, to deal fully with the whole subject and I think it will, perhaps, prove of greater interest to you if I do so under the heads of our various kinds, although again, I can only touch lightly the outstanding points. The complete data only came into my hands a few days ago, and I, therefore, have not

had the necessary opportunity to put it into the shape I would desire."

"Under such trying conditions I will then deal with each kind in turn, just as the notes come before me, and you will, I am sure, take no offense as to the order in which reference to each is made. We, among ourselves, well know our relative importance, and there will not be, I venture to hope, any ill-feeling or jealousy over the right of preference."

"All right, all right," came from the gathering, "go ahead; no one will be offended at such order, carry on."

"I'm glad of that," said the chairman, "I'm glad of that, and now that everything's clear, I'll fire away."

"Let me then deal first with our delegate from the Buffalo race, one of the most important, biggest and most historic of our kind. Anyone who reads history, and I'm sure you all do, will know the part the Buffalo played in the early days of the settlement of our Northwest and before it. He was slaughtered wholesale by the Indians, who then roamed the plains, and furnished them with, not only food and clothing, but sinews for their bows and wool for their beds. Then the white colonizers came; they also slaughtered for the same reasons, but carried it still further, for they entered into trade with countries beyond the seas and shipped our hides and fur to foreign markets. So great, indeed, was the slaughter of the Buffalo that for a time he was almost at the point of extermination and had not the Government come to the rescue by the infusion of new blood from across the border and with laws against his slaughter and the provision of National parks for his preservation and propagation, his was a dying race. In the first half of the 19th century enormous numbers were killed. In 1832, an authority has stated, between 150,000 and 200,000 robes were marketed annually, which meant a slaughter of from two to three million Buffalo."

"To-day, there are in these National Parks—in this one, at Elk Island and at Wainwright,—about 8,500 head; 10 years ago they numbered but 700—the herd of Don Pablo of Montana, imported, as I have indicated above. In addition, there are said to be some 1,500 to 2,000 American Bisons, ranging free and unhampered in Northern Alberta, the district lying between the Peace and the Slave Rivers and Great Slave Lake. Those in the National Parks have increased so rapidly that recently at Wainwright, 2,000 were slaughtered, and ———."

"I want to know why?" interrupted a delegate, "I want to know why? What is the object of providing National Parks for our protection and then slaughtering us? Tell me that, will you?"

"Well," answered the Chairman, "men claim that this destruction was necessary in order to maintain the physical standard of the race. Whether this is so or not, I do not know, but this, at any rate, is the excuse. Does that answer your question?"

"Yes, I suppose so," grunted the delegate, "but, as you say, it's an excuse, not a reason."

"The herds in the present parks are said to be worth \$1,500,000; their robes are valued at approximately \$125 and the heads bring at auction sales, whatever collectors will pay for them. Not long ago, at a sale in Montreal, one magnificent specimen sold for \$1,025. The meat too, is valuable, bringing as much as .50c. a pound; a carcass alone will yield a profit of \$700."

"Before closing this interesting subject, let me express, on behalf of the Conference, our gratification at the recent announcement of the Minister of the Interior that 1,000 young Buffalo will be taken from the Wainwright Park and turned loose in the north, the region in which the Wood Buffalo are now roaming. I congratulate us

all in the inclusion at this gathering, of such a valuable and historic animal, as the delegate from Alberta."

The chairman cleared his throat while a great noise of applause went up from the assembled throng. The Buffalo, proudly raising his massive head, bowed politely in acknowledgment; he expressed himself satisfied with reference to his race.

"Next," continued the chair, glancing at his notes, "I find detailed reference to our delegate from Prince Edward Island—the ubiquitous Silver Fox. In referring to him, I must, more or less, refer to all our kind on domestic fur farms, for the Silver Fox, my friends, is to be found to-day in every province in Canada; the extraordinary growth of these fur farms and the value of our delegate's race to the world at large, has led to his transportation to all parts from the initial farm in the East. I will, therefore, give these statistics as received and touch upon our other friends at conclusion. In quoting these figures, it must be remembered that they date back to 1912 only, from which year, the Commission of Conservation took charge of the matter."

"At the end of the year 1922, fur farms had increased from 812 in 1921, to 1,026, or by 26%. Increases showed in every province. The far-flung province of Prince Edward Island contains one-third of all such farms in our domain; it was there that the domestic fur industry of the continent originated and it still holds an outstanding position. Nova Scotia, the home of the Cariboo and the Moose, increased 12%; New Brunswick, the Moose's Paradise, 34%; Quebec, the haunt of Moose and the Deer, 43%; Ontario, where delegate Deer hails from, 33%; Manitoba, the hunting grounds of the Moose, the Bear, the Elk, the Wolverine, the Deer, etc., 216%; and—note how it moves westward—Saskatchewan, the historic ground of the Buffalo and the Antelope, 80%; Alberta, like unto Saskatchewan, 80%, and British Columbia, the stamping ground of the Sheep and the Goat, 43%. The Yukon Territory, where delegate Brown Bear hails from, remained the same with 16 farms."

"During the period under discussion, the number of animals on fur farms increased from 23,105 to 30,732 or by more than 33%. Silver Foxes led both in numbers and value, 22,318 animals valued at over 5½ million dollars. On such farms we find the following distribution of our kind; Silver Foxes, as stated; Muskrats, 5,157; Cross or Patch Foxes, 1,384; Karakuls, 841; while in 1921 there were 465 Red Foxes, 319 Skunks and 248 Mink. The value of the land and buildings and animals combined approximates 8 million dollars. A pretty good record, it seems to me, a pretty fine record. Any questions about this?"

"I was not even mentioned," hissed the Marten, "not even mentioned."

"Of course not," grunted the Raccoon, "neither was I for that matter, and I'm not grouching about it."

"Pardon me," said the chairman, stiffly, "the fault was mine. As a matter of fact there are both Marten and Raccoon farms in various parts but as I have misplaced the figures sent me I omitted to mention the fact. I apologize; I apologize."

"Oh! all right, all right," snarled the Marten roughly, "but it's lowering to one's dignity not to be mentioned. Here the Raccoon's come all the way from Montreal Island for information and what does he get for it? Nothing; nothing; absolutely nothing."

"If the grumbling delegate will keep his face shut," ejaculated the Black Bear, "I can tell him something."

"Order! Order!" roared the Elk who was acting as Sergeant-at-Arms, "order, and I'll tell the delegate something about the Raccoon family. I've been in Montreal; I'll satisfy his curiosity."



The Porcupine—the perpetual enigma—even to himself. He is a recluse, a hypochondriac. He never changes gear because he has only one speed. His protection is barbed quills—a thousand barbs on each quill. Like the ostrich, he thrusts his nose into the ground or under a log.

A Sea of Horns. A herd of Barren-Ground Caribou. They range the uninhabited northlands of Canada, wrongly called the Baron-Grounds. Conservation is necessary here to prevent extermination. Like the Buffalo, they once ranged the vast, uninhabited northland in millions.

Pretty but—The animal we all like to avoid—the skunk. In 1921, there were 319 of these animals on domestic farms in Canada.

"Go ahead," said the chair, rapping loudly for silence, "go ahead; we're all interested and you have the floor."

In obedience to the order, the Elk drew a small paper from a cleft of his horn and read:—

"Raccoon ranches, are to be found all over Eastern Canada and occasionally in the west. It has been found that the climate of this country is particularly conducive to the production of richer and glossier fur than other countries and this is true of both our wild and domesticated kind, and the Raccoon, of course, is no exception. Raccoons here are, in every way, superior to those in existence in the land lying to the south of us, and, "he looked across at the delegate from Montreal," on account of their gentle nature, they are easily domesticated and they are hardy. They are both meat and vegetable feeders. I might tell other things"—he stopped and looked towards the chair—"but as they are more or less of a personal nature, perhaps the delegate from the east might prefer me not to mention them. However, I will add this. The Raccoon is valuable to any country. Besides his pelt, which is increasing yearly in value, his carcass furnishes from 25 to 40 lbs. of delicious meat as well as a gallon of oil. The owner of the Montreal ranch, after experimenting with many species of our kind, decided to care for the welfare of our friend; his ranch has been operating now for 8 years and is well conducted."

"I'm quite satisfied," interrupted the Marten, "quite satisfied now. I see that some one knows something about us after all. I'll wait till my own name comes before the meeting and I trust that the delegate from Montreal will accept my apology for my impatience."

"We're much indebted to you, Sergeant," said the chair, "much indebted, though I don't doubt that what you've just read is from my own notes dropped accidentally as I crossed the Bow River last evening. However, it's all right; I bear no illwill."

"Go ahead, go ahead," squeaked the Muskrat, "we want to hear about the rest of us. The delegate from Montreal has been in the limelight long enough."

"Just one more question," interpolated the chair, "I think it would be interesting to hear from the delegate from Prince Edward Island about treatment and food on these domestic farms. Do you get a square deal? Are you satisfied?"

"Most of us," responded the Silver Fox, "were born in captivity; we know nothing of wild life. We're well fed—at times luxuriously, and we're well housed. I don't think we have any complaint, except perhaps, the manner we're put to death. Man just puts his knee on our hearts and bears down heavily till life is extinct; he says he does it not to harm our pelts, but it's a cruel, suffocating death and ought to be disallowed by law. I'll move a resolution that we bring the matter to the Government's attention. There are many painless ways of sending us 'West' that would be better."

"Right," said the chair, "Secretary, make a note of it."

"The next item I find on my agenda," continued the chair, "is the Rocky Mountain Sheep, The Big Horn. As we are now in the veritable domain of the Sheep, perhaps I might call upon him to tell us something about his race. He's certainly not domesticated or in captivity. Will you be so kind as to enlighten us." and he turned to the big-horned delegate from the Rockies?

"I'm not used to public speaking," said the Sheep, sheepishly, "and I don't like it; since you ask me, however, I'll tell you a little. We live in the Rocky Mountains and range from the international boundary to the Smoky River in Northern Alberta. In spite of the continued persecution of our race by sportsmen and others who slaughter for possession of our great adornment"—he pointed to his horns—"we have managed to hold our own. Besides man, our principal enemy is the bald and golden eagles which, in the spring, swoop down upon our young. Since the law prohibited the Indians from wholesale slaughter, we are increasing; large bands of us are to be found in Waterton Lakes Park and in this one; also in Jasper Park there are some 5,000 of us. The Government has put a value of five million dollars

on us. Our overflow in the hunting country beyond Jasper is about 2,000. We can climb where no one else can."

"He's a liar," yelled the Goat angrily, "he's a black-fleeced liar. I'll match him any day, anywhere, any time."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" roared the Sergeant-at-Arms, "you forget yourselves; you forget where you are."

"And," went on the Sheep, paying no attention to the insult, "if we were eligible for the Alpine Club, we would give its members some climbs worth while. I guess that's about all you want to know, so I'll stop."

"We're greatly obliged," said the chair, "greatly obliged, as well as much interested. Have you any complaints or suggestions for the conference?"

"If you could post the open seasons in some prominent place each year, it would save many of us."

"Make a note of it, Secretary," said the chair, "bring the subject up for general discussion tomorrow."

"What about yourself?" said a voice, "what about the Beaver race? How does your family thrive? Tell us about it?"

At this there were murmurs of applause from all sides, so upon again being urged to deal with the subject, the Beaver climbed slowly down from his elevation and said:

"The information regarding the status of my race can be told in a very few minutes. I had intended to reserve it to the last, as properly becomes me as chairman, but since you insist, I can only obey."

"We Beavers, as you know, have enjoyed reasonable protection for a long time. You will agree with me, I feel sure, when I claim that we have earned it; that we are entitled to it. Think of our services to this country from its very earliest days; think of the blood we have shed to enrich the coffers of the Hudson Bay and old Northwest Trading Companies; think of the money and comfort the sale of our pelts has brought to thousands in England and Europe in the sixteenth century and before; think how our skins formed the basis of this country's monetary system long before the present Canadian banking system was organized."

"I, like my relatives, am proud of this record, and in our schools we teach our young to remember these things. Traditions build character and must be maintained. For these reasons, doubtless, we were chosen as the emblem of Canada and may it endure for all time; we flutter in the breeze on every Canadian flag; we adorn the entrance halls of every Government building. Thrift, perseverance and energy have been our motto; we were Canada's first engineers and constructors; we have set an example for every Canadian to follow."

"Hear! hear!" chorused the assembly, "that's the stuff to give the troops. Go on! Go on!"

"Since we have become more numerous," continued the Beaver, "our protection, to some extent, has been withdrawn, though in such cases, it has been to still conserve us in the interest of individuals and the general trade of the country. There are domestic ranches at Edgerton, Lacombe and Ribstone Creek, Alberta. Our pelts are much in demand; we adorn the fairest of feminine forms in this and other lands and only modesty restrains me from mentioning our monetary value. But, I have said enough—too much, perhaps," and with this, he once more mounted the platform and proceeded with the meeting.

"And now we come to the most gentle, the most graceful and the fleetest of our kind, the Pronghorn Antelope," continued the chair; "he was contemporary with the Buffalo and at one time swarmed the prairie country. In the early days his name was legion; while

the plains vibrated to his galloping, he was slaughtered by the thousand; to-day, as a result of the extension of cultivation and farm lands with consequent reduction in range areas, he is seriously reduced so that the race yet remaining numbers not more than 3,000; they are under the fullest protection. As far as I know, three reservations have been set aside for him. Attempts have been made towards propagating his species in the Buffalo National Park at Wainwright but without success. At Foremost, Alberta, a small herd has been enclosed and at Davidson, Saskatchewan, a small, private reserve is maintained."

"We welcome here to-day, the contemporary of the Buffalo and I shall later present to this gathering a resolution concerning further protection to this very ancient family."

"What do you want to do?" asked the delegate.

"To induce the Government to make it a crime to kill any member of the race."

"But that's the law in force now?"

"I know it, but it's not carried out. I want the maximum penalty for any infraction of it; and we'll get it through too, we'll get it through."

"What about me?" interjected the Moose, sulkily, "What about me?"

"You can't keep the Hebrew race down," said a voice, "kill 'em; cage 'em or insult 'em, they'll come up just the same."

"Shut up," said another, "you're insulting; you're impertinent. Remember where you are and the respect due to the meeting."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" roared the Sergeant, "order, order."

"Order yourself," said another, "let the gentlemen from the Maritimes wait till his name comes up. We'll get enough 'bull' then."

"Strange to say," broke in the chair, quickly, "the complainant just happens to be the subject of my next note so, with your permission, I'll refer to him."

"Throughout the length of Canada," continued the chair, "the Moose roams the forests that constitute his natural habitat."

"What's that mean?" queried the Badger, "what's habitat? I only attended country school and never heard that word parsed."

"Natural home," volunteered the Muskrat, in a thin, piping voice, "it's easy enough to see YOU come from the wilds."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" interposed the chair, "politeness to all and for all is our motto. Like the Human Race, there are amongst us those who have been more highly educated than others; that is the force of circumstances; we cannot all have college educations."

"As I said before, the Moose, with his strange and ponderous head appendage, some of which have spreads of over 68 inches and stand seven feet at the shoulder—which caused the early French pioneers to name him 'L'Original'—may be found mostly where the forest or swamp lands provide a suitable retreat. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia he is particularly abundant, and there, during the open seasons, he is much sought by hunters; he it is who brings such numbers of American sportsmen into that country, and—"

"And booze" interjected suddenly a voice.

"Perhaps, perhaps," assented the chair, amidst laughter, "if he comes in via Quebec, but in any case, he is the admiration and the wonder of all. Such strength, such virility, such resistance. In spite of the fact that his slaughter in Nova Scotia was over 1,200 in the last official records (1918), he is steadily increasing. You will find him in Quebec, in Ontario, in Manitoba, in

British Columbia, in the northern woods of Saskatchewan and in Alberta, though in that province statistics indicate he is decreasing."

"Quite true," interrupted the delegate under discussion, "quite true. I want at this time, to bring forward a resolution regarding the call horn; the horn the hunters use to lure us to our destruction; we want the Government to make its employment illegal."

"It'll go on the minutes," replied the chair. "I quite agree with you that it should be banned. Secretary, make a note of that."

At this moment, the proceedings were interrupted by the delivery of a communication through the medium of a covey of pigeons, who brought an important resolution from far parts. It proved to be a petition, signed by thousands of animalkind, begging the Congress to bring to the attention of the Government the proposed encroachment into National Parks of industrial projects and commercial enterprises. The chair read it aloud to the assemblage. "Any comments," he queried?

"Bet yer life," said the Grizzly, "bet yer life, there are. Here the Government creates these parks for our protection and enjoyment and up comes the aggressive human individual with a demand that he be permitted to commercially exploit the parks. He's got the use of the parks now, just as we have, for his picnics and recreations; now he wants to 'hog' the whole show. Damned impertinent, I calls it"—he growled—"infernal cheek. First he'll want to use the water-powers only, then he'll want to prospect for minerals, and finally, he'll claim the right to do whatever he wants in the parks. Let's put 'im down, I says, let's put him down."

"Yes," whined the Muskrat, climbing on an eminence the better to be heard, "hasn't man got enough of the domain as it is without grabbing off our share? Let him dam the water, an' where do I come in; and' where does the Beaver an' the Fisher come in? No, sir, we don't want to let any part or parcel of our preserves out of our own hands an' I believes the National Park officials think as we does. If they get the small end of the hatchet in, soon it'll be the whole blamed axe. What do the rest of you think about it?"

A chorus of "We're against it, tooth and nail," came from all sides and the chair then ruled that this most important matter would be thoroughly threshed out at the next sitting. "We'll be firm about this thing," he assured them, "we'll be firm; we must stand for our rights, but we must be politic in our petition; we won't ask it on our own account only but on behalf of the whole people of Canada. Yearly, in increasing numbers, they use the parks for recreation and enjoyment. No doubt as the population of this country increases, pressure to permit the introduction into these parks of industrial and other schemes will increase also but the necessity for the preservation of the parks for health and recreation purposes will also increase. That's the way we'll handle this matter, my friends, and that is the only way, to my mind, that we may hope to get desirable action."

He shuffled his papers and announced, "the Rocky Mountain Goat comes next on my list."

Here there was a snickering and giggling and references to "being the goat" and other slighting and uncalled-for remarks which were at once repressed by the chair.

"Let us be neither unkind nor facetious," said he, sternly, "we, the Wild Life of Canada must stand or fall together; let us not breed factions or discontent in our ranks; let us be considerate and kind; do to one another as we would be done by, I beg of you."

"Like the Rocky Mountain Sheep, the Mountain Goat is here on his native hearth. He is the only representative on this continent of the numerous wild species

of Goats that are found throughout Asia, Southern Europe and Northern Africa. He roams the slopes and inaccessible summits of the western mountains from the ranges in this province in the east to the Coast Mountains in the west. He has nerve, agility and sure-footedness on the most precipitous precipices and is the most expert of all hoofed animals, though the Sheep may wish to dispute this statement."

"I pass it up," said the delegate referred to; "It's beneath me; I'm too proud to argue."

"In the neighboring provinces," continued the chair, "they appear to be holding their own in numbers, hunters under license in 1918 disposing of only 43; like the Deer, the Sheep, the Bear and the Elk, they show their intrepidity in over-flowing from within the protective areas. In this park, in Jasper and in Waterton, they appear to be extending and they will always be plentiful in these districts as long as they keep within the protective zones."

"Unlike the Sheep, the hoof of the Goat has the open end of the 'V' in the direction in which he travels, while the Sheep has it in the reverse, which of course is known known to you all who are so versed in trail lore. While the horns of the Goat are prized by sportsmen, on account of their general habits, and I now state facts and not personal opinion, owing to their flesh being unpalatable to man, they are not greatly sought. The Rocky Mountain Goat is an adornment to any country, and, as I said before, their great courage and other desirable qualities, cause them to be much respected by all our kind. Has the representative any remarks to make?"

"Just one," said the Goat, "just one. These buzz wagons are becoming a great nuisance to all our kind within this park; they come up like a streak of lightning out of nowhere, and in a cloud of dust are gone again into nowhere, often leaving members of our kind stretched dead on the roads. There should be, I contend, rigid enforcement of the speed limit to their travel. In cities and villages, there is protection by such a law, and yet we, who are greater in population than many towns, are unprotected. I move that the matter be brought forcibly to the attention of the Government; it is of great moment to us and unless halted at an early date, will increase with our growing populations."

"I endorse that," said the Sheep and am glad to show, in so doing, that I am with the Goat delegate with all my heart."

"It will be attended to," said the chair, "in our most able and strenuous manner. See to it, Mr. Secretary."

"And now," went on the chair, glancing at the rapidly setting sun, "it will soon be time for this gathering to be hunting its dinner. We have yet a long program ahead of us which will doubtless occupy most of tomorrow, and as one or two of the delegates have to leave the assembly tonight, I would just like to add a few words to them in parting," and he looked rapidly about him for assent.

"Go on! Go on!" was the unanimous verdict, "you've handled this meeting well to the present, very well indeed, and we willingly accede to your request to defer its close for a few minutes."

"Don't forget, then," said the chair, solemnly, "don't forget that your longevity or sudden demise, depends largely upon your own selves. Within the ranges of all National parks, you have, and will find, continued protection and provision. For that we have to thank the government, even, if as suggested, that protection is granted by man for his own selfish ends. Outside our parks and reserves, you are at the mercy of all; you are like a soldier without arms or a ship without sails. No one knows better than I what dangers and hardships you have undergone to attend this conference;

the distances some of you have travelled are great and that you have reached here in safety is clear proof to me that you have traversed points between protective areas, under cover of darkness. Do the same—follow the same plan—in returning to your homes, and you should reach them in safety."

"Tomorrow we will deal with our other kind—the Musk Ox, the Grizzly, the Mule and White Tailed Deer, the Woodland Caribou, the Black Mountain Sheep, Dall's Mountain Sheep, the Marten, the Wolverine, the Wolf, the Muskrat, the Fisher and lesser predatory animals. It is a long program and we must get to work early. I declare the session formally closed," and with a loud bang of his tail on the wooden platform, he wriggled to the ground and was lost in the crowd.

With a bound the animals sprang to action and in twos or threes or alone, they disappeared rapidly into the surrounding bush. The chairman worked his way slowly in the direction of the Bow River and with a deep breath of satisfaction, plunged in.

Then all was still and the night fell over the deserted plain.

A SPORTING CHANCE

Contamin told the police that he had to choose between hitting a taxi or the lamp-post. Being a sportsman, he chose the lamp-post.

AN APPLICANT

A weary-looking fellow who had opened all the doors looking for work happened to see a huge police advertisement headed:

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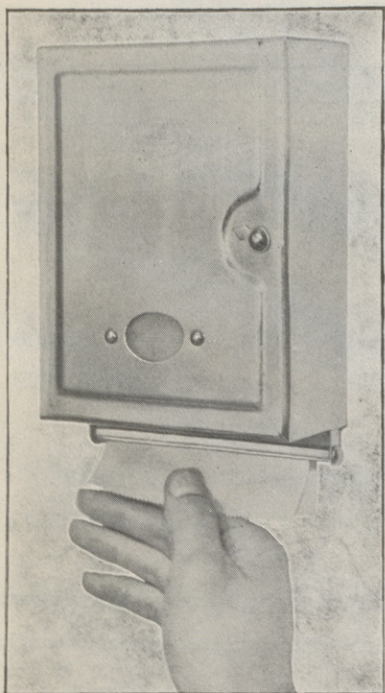
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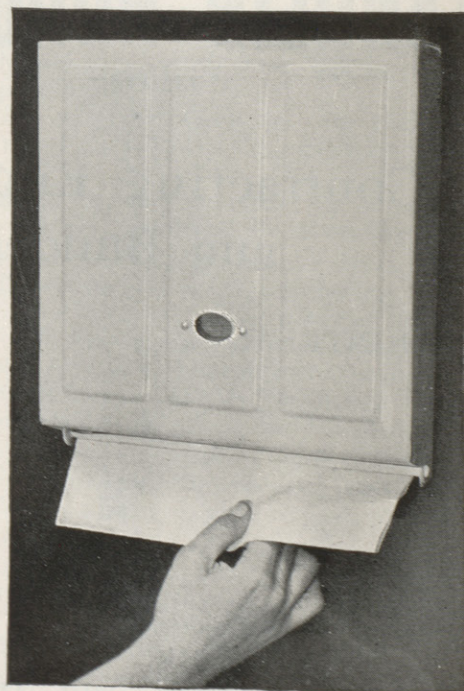
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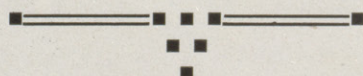
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Hon. Mr. Meighen in Notable Address



The Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, ex-Premier, one of the principal speakers at the 50th anniversary celebration of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, the proceedings of which are reported on the next and succeeding pages.

Hon. Mr. Meighen spoke on Industrial Evolution before Jubilee Meeting of Firemen and Enginemen.

Industrial evolution of the past twenty years, especially as regards the transportation system of Canada, had been exceedingly great, so much so that the relations of employees of the system towards the public had changed, and such change should be realized, was the point which the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen stressed on December 2nd, at the Mount Royal Hotel, in addressing a gathering of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of that Brotherhood. The half century celebration of the Brotherhood was conducted simultaneously at fifteen large railway centres in all, the other centre in Canada being at Winnipeg, and there gathered at Montreal representatives of the Brotherhood on Canadian Eastern Lines.

As was the case with the other centres, there was an afternoon meeting for members only, followed by the public meeting last evening, the chairman of which was J. A. Woodward, member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. The railway companies were represented by F. L. Wanklyn, chief executive assistant to the president, Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and W. D. Robb, vice-president of the Canadian National Railways. Mayor Mederic Martin extended a welcome on behalf of the city, and the Rev. James E. Fee, rector of All Saints' Church, delivered the invocation. W. L. Best, Dominion legislative representative, thanked the speakers, and also took occasion to thank the press for the aid given to the work of the Brotherhood.

The aims and ideals of the Brotherhood were expressed by H. H. Lynch, Canadian vice-president of the organization.

Following is a complete report of the meeting:—

Mr. J. A. Woodward, as chairman, called the meeting to order: We will open our meeting this evening with prayer and I am going to ask the Rev. James Fee, an old locomotive fireman on the Canadian Pacific between Montreal, Farnham, Newport and Megantic—during his college days he worked on the footplate and handled the scoop as many of you are doing to-day, in order to pay his way through college, and it is very fitting that he should open this meeting for us on this memorable occasion. I will call upon the Rev. James Fee and ask you to bow your heads in reverence to the Great Supreme Ruler of the Universe, while Mr. Fee asks the Divine Blessing on this meeting and on the other fourteen meetings that are being called to order at this hour in different parts of this great continent.

The Rev. James Fee, M.A., Rector of All Saints' Church, Montreal, then gave the invocation, after which Mrs. Bishop sang "O Canada" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Chairman: We have with us to-night his Worship the Mayor, the Hon. Mederic Martin, and I ask him to say a word or two to the strangers amongst us and welcome them to this great city of Montreal.

Mayor Martin, speaking in French, said: Montreal is proud to welcome you in such large numbers and, above all, to extend a welcome to so important an association as yours. I followed as closely as possible the prayer and I understood that he asked God to see that the employer and the employee shall give justice one to the other.

I am the more pleased because the occasion gives me the opportunity to welcome you as fellow workers, for I

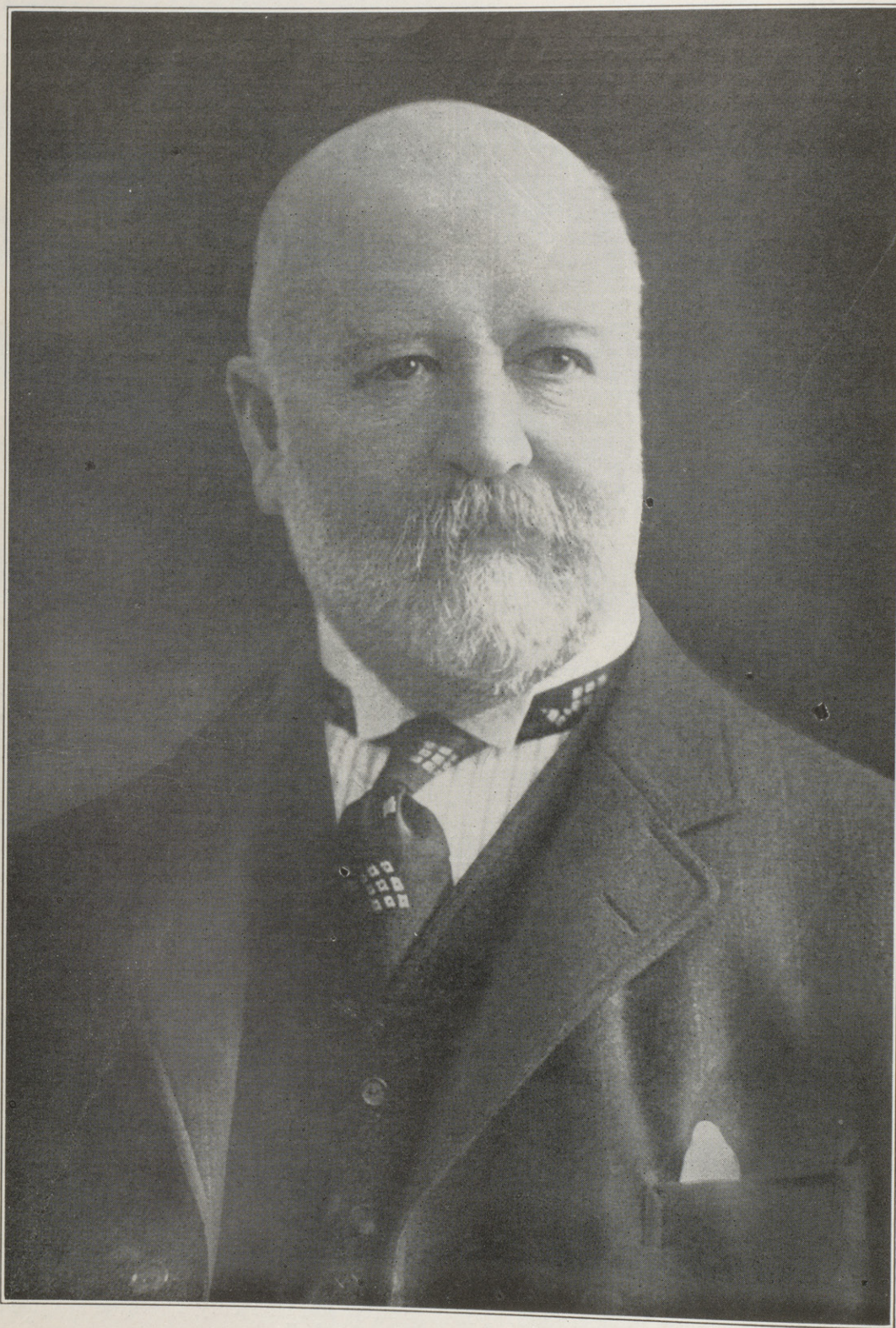
belong to Local 58 of the International Union of Cigar Makers. You are celebrating this evening the fiftieth anniversary of an organization which is one of the most powerful in the world, and which you call a Brotherhood, and which was initiated fifty years ago by eleven of your confreres. Since that time a lot has been suffered in order to obtain the privileges which to-day are enjoyed by your association. Unions are a necessity, and it is by unions that we are able to cause to disappear the differences that exist between Capital and Labor. Unfortunately, despite all the efforts made by organized labor there was still suffering, but it was only through unions that they could bring their complaints before the employers and see that justice was given. Woe to those who by all possible means sought to disorganize labor—for it was through unions that they got the best results for the employer as well as for the workers. All the worker demanded was to earn sufficient to live honorably with his wife and bring up his children with sufficient instruction to make them good citizens and to put on one side something to live on in his old age. Fifty years in the life of a man is a long time, but in a union such as yours it is not, for you have a union of which you are justly proud with 117,000 members. I am proud, in the name of the citizens of Montreal, to come and bid you welcome and I hope that the example your Union has set in the Dominion and in the United States will encourage those who have not yet understood the benefits of union. There is union everywhere. Capital has been organized for many years. The financiers, the bankers, the manufacturers, the contractors, they are all organized. The Chambre de Commerce, what is it but a great federation of different branches of commerce in the town, the city, the province or the country, to help and reinforce those who are weak so that they can get their rights. Unions helped the workers in the same way, helping the feeble, and it is essential that all classes of workers should organize. The workers are intelligent and conscientious and by every possible means they should organize to have a reasonable salary, but, at the same time, he must do his duty to his employer.

I hope your example will be followed in this regard, for it is only by conscientious effort that you will secure that peace and harmony which the world needs. I am sorry the weather has prevented you from visiting our fine city and appreciating its beauties, but as First Magistrate and a worker I am proud to think that, not only Montreal, but Winnipeg, has a Mayor who is also a worker, while at Three Rivers the new Mayor is a worker. Everywhere the workers are showing that they are fit to take their part in the administration of public affairs and in the deliberations of the nations and by that means seek to bring about the peace of the world which has been sought for so long.

The Chairman: I regret to announce that Mr. E. W. Beatty and Sir Henry Thornton will not be with us to-night. Mr. F. L. Wanklyn is here to speak for Mr. Beatty, and Sir Henry Thornton has just sent this letter into the hall:

"I am very sorry to say that I am not well enough to keep my engagement to speak to the members of the Brotherhood this evening. I had hoped all day that I might manage it, but the doctor, who has just been here, will not permit me to go out. I profoundly

Addressed B. of L. F. & E.



F. L. WANKLYN,
*General Executive Assistant to the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who spoke
at 50th anniversary celebration of B. of L. F. and E.*

regret that I am obliged to disappoint you at such a late hour and forego the pleasure of meeting your members. I understand the meeting to-day is to celebrate your fiftieth anniversary and I take advantage of this opportunity to send you my cordial congratulations and good wishes. I suppose that something like 5,000 of your members are employed on the Canadian National Railways and much of our success must depend on the fine spirit and efficient service we have always enjoyed, and I venture to hope will continue to enjoy, from your members.

"With renewed regret that I am not able to be with you this evening, believe me,

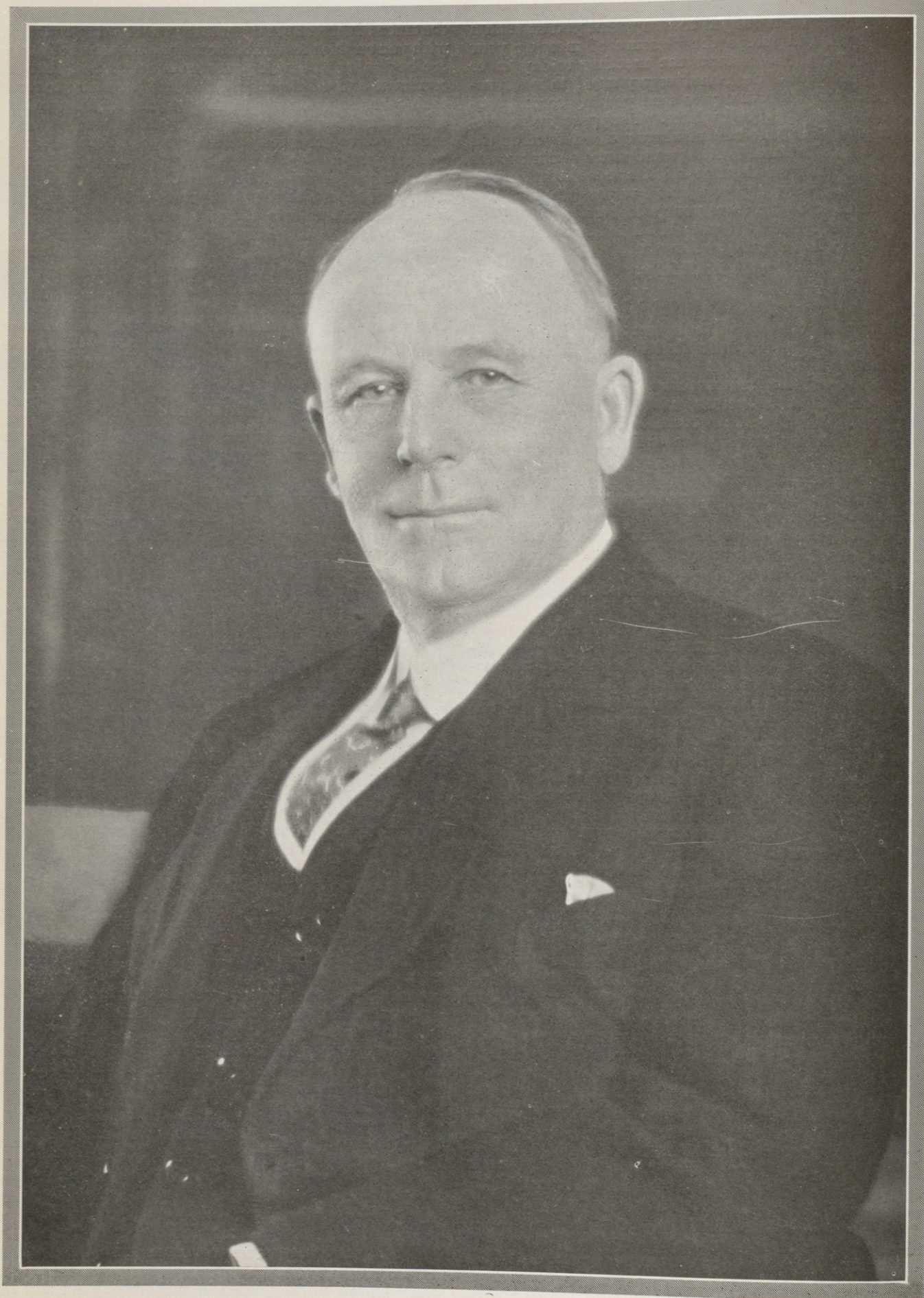
Yours faithfully,

H. W. THORNTON."

As I was listening to the singing of "O Canada" and looking around this beautiful hall I was wondering what the founders of this great Brotherhood would say if they could walk in here this evening. Fifty years ago in November, 1873, a fireman named George Page left Port Jervis, New York, on the Erie Railroad. A short distance from the terminal an accident happened and George Page was killed. He paid the penalty that thousands of others have paid in keeping the wheels of transportation moving across this great continent. Joshua A. Leach, the founder of this great Brotherhood was at that time employed in the terminal at Port Jervis as a hostler and he was called on to break the sad news to the wife and children of George Page. Mr. Leach did not stop there, but solicited contributions to help the widow and children of the deceased fireman. He had seen many cases during his career of this kind and he became impressed with the necessity of banding locomotive firemen and enginemen together for the mutual protection of themselves and their families. On December 1, 1873, fifty years ago yesterday, immediately following the death of George Page, eleven locomotive firemen, all employed on the Erie Railroad met at Port Jervis, and led by Mr. Leach pledged their support to one another and to the families of each other and there and then founded what is known to-day throughout the world as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen. It would be a long story for me to give you the history of what has happened since then, and it is the duty of the chairman to be brief as we have many speakers here to listen to. It is enough for me to say that to-day this great Brotherhood boasts of 118,000 members, with assets aggregating the sum of nearly \$12,000,000. It has paid out the enormous sum of \$28,000,000 in insurance claims and \$1,229,000 it has spent in recent years for charitable purposes. The officers of this great Brotherhood have been doing business with the transportation officers of every railroad on the Continent of America for the last fifty years and there is not one case on record where they have violated any agreement that they have entered into with the employers. At this hour, in fifteen of the largest cities on the Continent of America meetings of this nature are being called to order. From the borders of Mexico to this northern clime, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, members of this great Brotherhood are rejoicing to-night. We are fortunate to have with us to-night leaders of the State, leaders of industry, leaders of the great transportation systems of this country and leaders of labor, gathering together on a common platform to celebrate the birth of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, one of the greatest labor organizations in the world. Montreal has been greatly favored. We have to speak to us men of such outstanding ability as the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, Mr. Wanklyn, Mr. J. A. Robb and others. It is a great tribute to this organization

that men of this calibre to come to your meeting and rejoice with you on this memorable occasion. It is a proof that we are beginning to develop greater understanding between employer and employed; that we are beginning to regard each other as associates in this business of living, that a spirit is awakening among employers as well as among employees to forewear selfish petty jealousies for the general good of all. We are beginning to see visions of a great, a prosperous and happy Canada; we are beginning to be fired with the ambition to build a country that will be an example to the rest of the world. The first step towards that accomplishment is co-operation and understanding and if all the labor organizations on this continent will follow in the footsteps of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen and the other railroad organizations there is not an industrial problem that we cannot solve, there is not a wound that we cannot heal, there is not an abuse that cannot be rectified, there is not a problem Canadian spirit and Canadian intelligence will not solve, and there is but one thing needed, consideration for each other, and co-operation and understanding for all. The first speaker is Mr. H. H. Lynch, vice-president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen and it gives me great pleasure to call on Mr. Lynch to speak to you this evening.

Mr. H. H. Lynch, vice-president of the B. F. & E.: In appearing before you to-night as a direct representative of our Brotherhood I do so with a great deal of pleasure. It will be my purpose to briefly explain the motive of this meeting to-night. It is simply to celebrate our 50th anniversary and I will ask you to take my word for it that I have not celebrated my own yet,—and to prove to ourselves and others that our efforts to do good in the past have not been in vain. The motto of our order is "protection, charity, sobriety and industry." We protect our members in many ways and in protecting our members against injustice of any kind we endeavor to train them that in looking for justice that they must come with clean hands if they expect to receive it. Our greatest protection is in our insurance department. The chairman has explained some of the benefits and explained the amount of money that we have paid out so I will not bother to repeat it. In addition to what he has said to you in regard to our insurance features our policy differs from all others inasmuch as we pay the full value of our premium to our members when they reach the age of seventy years. We also pay the full amount for the loss of a hand or a foot, the loss of the sight of an eye, deafness of one or both ears or when the members are afflicted with paralysis, locomotor ataxia, Bright's disease or heart disease so that they are not fit to follow their regular occupation. In addition to that if a member of our organization develops tuberculosis we place them in a sanitarium and pay \$115 a month for their keep while they stay there, and if they prefer to remain in their own home we pay \$75 a month for their keep there. I submit to you that for one who is afflicted with that terrible disease to know that they are getting in that amount of money each month and it is their own and not a gift, it is a greater stimulation to them than any drug that has so far been invented to check that particular disease. In charity. We endeavor to practice that virtue as far as it is possible to do so and in doing so we strive to keep from embarrassing those who are to receive it. And there are few cases, if any, where our members have gone outside of the craft to receive assistance and when that was done it could have been and should have been avoided, and certainly would have been if they had made their wants known to the parties in authority to act and take care of a situation of that kind. Sobriety. I do not appear before you to-night as an authority on that



W. D. ROBB,
*Vice-President, Canadian National Railways, one of the prominent speakers at the B. of L. F.
and E. celebration.*

I daresay there are many that could tell you more about it than I could myself because I have been told that to be an authority on that you must experience the reverse of it and as I have never done that I will have to leave many to decide that particular question themselves. I have a somewhat unique record in regard to that because I have been working on the railroad since eighteen and I have yet to take my first drink of intoxicating liquor, and I have not bought one for anyone else to take—and I am still poor. Industry. My friends we would love to be industrious, and there was a day when we seemed that way. I don't know who is responsible for our not being that way now, but I can well remember when it was a common thing for an enginemen or fireman to own his own home. We were able to buy the land for a dollar a foot and build a little house for \$2,500, and you could tell by the look of it that we had built it ourselves because you could see that the man worked every other day on the railroad and every other day on the house. That was especially plain after he started to paint it—you could see just where he knocked off on Monday and started again on Wednesday. It is my humble opinion, however, that even in that humble home that they liked that house and the way it was painted much better than the way they are painted to-day, because the average home of the railwayman to-day is painted with a mortgage that won't come off and we hardly expect to live long enough to lift it. We all know it is true that we get far more pay than in those days and we wonder how it is that we cannot get along as well as we did in that time. I fired an engine myself for one and a quarter cents a mile and I was one of the wealthiest young men in my neighborhood at that time. I have received high wages as an engineman since that time but have not been able to lay up more than the average railwayman. No doubt, there are many who know the reasons why we are not better off. I feel like saying "God speed the day when we will pay our rent to ourselves and the landlord will only be a thing of history. God speed the day when the governments of our country will stop looking for the North Pole and try to take care of us people down here a little south of it."

We are delighted to have the representatives of the railroads with us and the representatives of the other Brotherhoods. I am sorry time will not permit you to hear from each and everyone of those on the platform. I fancy it is some relief to the representatives of the railroad to know that we are not going to discuss wages or working agreements, and to know that they are very welcome with us and to also know that they are also very welcome in the positions they hold and that the rank and file in engine and train service would not change them for any other officials that we know of in the world. I would like to say to the public too that worries so much about transportation, that while we have the operating officers in charge of the railroads that we have to-day and while we have the men in all the classes of service we have in the engine and train and station work you need not worry about the transportation of this country—you can get some more of it for us to do and we can take care of it quite easily.

This birthday party is different from any I can remember. There is always more or less suspicion that it is called for a reason. This is our 50th birthday and might be termed our golden jubilee. We do not expect you to bring us gifts of gold to-night—we are going to ask you for something better—give us your confidence and goodwill and in return for that we will give you the best there is in us, and when you join those two together it will spell success in most any undertaking we have to deal with. To those of our members who have travelled a long way to be with us, I thank you very much. I thank

those who are citizens of Montreal who have attended, and I feel like saying to those who have to return to their everyday duty on the railway to do so with renewed courage, to endeavor to practice the virtues laid down on the banner of the Golden Rule, and if we do that and continue to hold the same esteem we have in all the branches of the service we will not be ashamed to lay down our tools when the time comes and extend the best wishes to those who are to undertake the work of the future. I thank you all, and God bless you.

The Chairman: I am sure we all enjoyed Mr. Lynch's talk to us. There is one thing he paid special attention to and that was the working man owning his own home. I say to you that when we get a nation made up of men who own their own home we will have a great nation. And I am going to ask one of the leaders of the Ladies' Society of this Brotherhood, and one of the home-makers to say a few words to you.

Mrs. Isabel Reynolds, Trustee, Ladies, Society, B.L.F. & E.: It is a great privilege to have this opportunity of coming to your city at this time to celebrate the 50th anniversary of this great organization, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman Enginemen. For fifty years you have labored together for one great cause, the upholding of a Brotherhood that will live for all time, whose principles are all that go to make up good citizenship. It has been said that men of the present day realize that neither the Church nor the State was strong enough to prevent the great war, so they are basing all their hopes of peace for the future on fraternalism. Fraternal organizations throughout the world would help to bring about a closer union between mankind for the spirit would be everywhere, all one great Brotherhood and Sisterhood and I am glad to be a member of the Sisterhood of this organization. We are composed of the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of firemen. Our motto is friendship and charity. We were organized for the purpose of assisting the Brotherhood, extending the hand of charity and helping each other in time of need. For months we have been conducting a membership campaign in conjunction with the Brotherhood. New lodges have been organized and many new members added to our Order and among those of the new members who count, there are many who are capable of furthering the great objects and aims that the founders of your organization set out to do. We, like the Brotherhood, have the protection of the insurance for our members. We have what we believe to be the best insurance in the land to-day. We have three policies to choose from. There is \$200, \$500, and \$1,000. The \$200 costs us \$6.40 a year, the \$500 costs us \$10 a year and the \$1,000 costs us \$16 a year, and we don't think that rate can be beaten anywhere. Among the new members that come in here are many who need encouragement so that they may take up the work and enter it in the same spirit of confidence that the older members do. And, after all, it is not the number of years that we have been organized that count, but the good we do in those years, and so let us all work together in one great Brotherhood and Sisterhood for the advancement of our Orders and may we in years to come attain far greater success than we have in the past, trusting that our membership campaign is not ended but only just beginning. I want to thank the Arrangement Committee for the beautiful flowers presented to us. It was a great surprise to me and to the president of the Local Order in Montreal, added to by the little girl who presented them. You are going to hear some good speakers, so I will say "Thank you."

The Chairman: We now come to the speaker of the evening. It is not necessary for me to explain anything of the abilities of the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen to a

Canadian audience. It is my privilege and pleasure to call on the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, former Prime Minister of Canada to speak to you this evening.

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen: I feel grateful for the generous welcome which the chairman and also the Mayor has extended to me, including myself in the guests and visitors here. And possibly I should also acknowledge the graceful reference of Mr. Lynch. I know he included myself when he stated that he welcomed us all in our present positions. Now Mr. Lynch is a wider reader than I am and, perhaps, he could tell us who those parties are searching for the Pole. I thought they were travellers, possibly railwaymen. I have had no responsibility for any expeditions, and I assure you all, I have never been up that way myself, although sometimes I have felt very much in that atmosphere. This is the only opportunity I think I have ever had of being present at a meeting of a railway Brotherhood such as this and my first impulse is to tell you that I value the privilege as I esteem the honor of coming to speak to you and to say that in this, as in any other assembly of real workers, I feel perfectly at home. All the more so because throughout life I have been among the employees, I have never yet rose to the dignity of an employer. Consequently I have a distinct advantage over Mr. Wanklyn and others of the railway companies here. You are men who are engaged in an occupation that demands, not only that industry without which all life is a failure but as well, in a most extraordinary degree, fidelity and promptness, sobriety and courage, those qualities that awaken most admiration. And just because in your work from hour to hour you require to use those very attributes they become generated and developed just by the exercise that they enjoy.

Passing from that he stressed the necessity of not developing a too rigid uniformity. Merely because masses of men gathered together for well defined, wholly defensible, justifiable and admirable purposes, merely because masses of men got together under single heads to move as one for certain definite purposes, there should not grow out of that a too rigid sense of uniformity, but rather the purpose of the Brotherhood should be to give the freest play to individual talents, to encourage individual initiative and enterprise, to encourage especially individual excellence, to express that the single human unit is after all the factor that has made the world advance. If I may be allowed to put in another sentence the very same thought I say this—it is incumbent on each and all to know that he must depend for his usefulness in the world, to others and to himself, upon his own individual efforts, his own determination to excel, his own resolve to achieve and get things done—on that he must depend and not on the power of any association, organization or any union whatever it may be. Each and all must know that the benefits, the advantages of a union, labor union or anything else, can never atone, can never make up for individual defects. This was the lesson Theodore Roosevelt, in the second place, sought to teach, and one cannot do better tonight than to repeat and impress the principles and precepts which the great American President stressed twenty-one years ago. On the same day, you, or perhaps your ancestors a generation ago, were congratulated on the fact that after thirty years of your existence you had a record of not one single contract broken. Through thirty years of vicissitudes, of perils, even perils of extinction, through all kinds of fortune, through penury, through disappointment, through storm and through struggle this institution emerged and it had a white record of never having broken an engagement with employers or with others. Upon this fact depended the standing of the Brotherhood at that time more than at any other, and now after two decades

have since gone by, the same is true of the Brotherhood to-day, as it was then.

Let me try to put in as strong language as I can what I verily believe, that the standing that you enjoy in public respect and regard is traceable to that great fact more than to all others put together.

I never can understand the attitude of men who believe that any contract openly and honestly entered into can, on any excuse or under any set of circumstances, be honorably violated, or let me put it in a more utilitarian way, be violated to the advantage of those who entered into it. The truth is this, that the difference between the habit of respecting contracts and the mental habit of violating contracts is just the difference between honor and dishonor, and more, it is just the difference between order and chaos; it is just the difference between ordered society as we enjoy it to-day and the jungle from which we came. There could be no civilization, there could be no reign of law unless there is deeply imbedded in the minds of the great mass of men and of women, the bounden necessity to honor contracts honorably made.

There is one man who has expressed this, as he has expressed most other things better than anyone else expressed it—the destruction of the Reign of Law, the turmoil, the retrogression through which and to which we go if there is a weakening of that moral sense that honors contracts made. I will give it you in his words—it never was better expressed:

And then what Discord follows
Each thing meets in mere oppugnancy.
Force would be right, or rather, right or wrong
Between whose endless jar justice resides
Would lose their names and so would justice too.
Thus everything includes itself in Power,
Power into Will, Will into appetite,
And appetite an universal Wolf
So doubly seconded by Will and Power
Must make perforce an universal prey
And last eat up himself.

This is not rhetoric or poetry, this is solid basic truth. This is the logical end of that freedom of mind which feels that contracts can with impunity be broken.

I have one other reflection and I hope I will not be mistaken as I seek to dwell upon it only for a moment.

There has been a very considerable industrial evolution even in the last twenty years. There has been a growth of large mass business enterprises, and in some instances there has been a maturing of those enterprises into a large measure of State direction and control. Our transport system in this country is an outstanding instance of this development. Our transport system, and I mean by that our entire transport system, has become in the nature of a national monopoly which cannot in all its features and activities be subject to the ordinary laws of competition. It has become a great public service, a public service that must be kept going and efficiently kept going if the rest of the country is to function at all. Under those conditions the railwaymen, those in the railway service of our land, are in reality, at least in a greater degree, infinitely greater than in the decades gone by, those in railway service high and low, officers and men, are more and more the servants of the State, the servants of the people, than they are the servants of corporations. You will note that I include in this statement all the great railways of this country because of the jurisdiction exercised in connection with rates and other things by a public commission, the Railway Commission, over the Canadian Pacific as over the National lines or the Ontario Commission. Because of that jurisdiction and control of rates it is just as true

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COWAN'S COOKERY COLUMN

Cocoa Fruit Tarts

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
- 3 level teaspoons bak-
ing powder
- 3 tablespoons Cowan's
Cocoa
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Method:—Cream butter,
add sugar gradually.
Add egg yolks thor-
oughly beaten. Mix and
sift dry ingredients three
times. Add alternately
with milk, add vanilla.
Fold in egg whites
beaten until stiff and
dry. Turn into greased
and floured patty pans,
and bake 30 minutes in
a moderate oven. Cool,
scoop out centre, fill with
date filling and cover
with whipped cream or
meringue glacé.

COWAN'S Perfection Cocoa
comes packed in tins and thus
retains its delicious flavor.

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in the end of the employees of the Canadian Pacific as it is true of the employees of the National Lines and others.

What I am seeking to impress is this, that because of the development of these years those employed under a directorate of one road or another are in effect to-day laboring for, working for, and paid by the earnings of the people of this Dominion. It is worth while impressing the fact—the fact that your railway employers, or the farmers who raise our crops, the fishermen, the gardener, the fruit growers who provide our food, the miner, the clerk, all classes of our people, those are in the position as respect yourselves, your employers in a sense far greater than in years gone by and in a sense far clearer than is the case with any other employer in our land. The farmer at his plow, the fisherman at his net, the artisan at his bench, the clerk with his pen, the miner with his pick, these are the men who by their toil pay the wages of the men and officers of the great railway systems of our country.

Now because this is true it is important, conspicuously important, it is increasingly important as the years go by, that all realize the necessity, the vital necessity of holding that goodwill of the public of our country which I am glad to say railway men and railway organizations have through all these years enjoyed. Without the goodwill of the public who pay, then I don't see success ahead for labor organizations, I don't see success ahead for labor corporations, labor officers, railway officers or railway men. The maintenance of that favorable attitude on the part of the public, that sense on the part of the public of fair dealing, with railway men and railway companies, is absolutely essential if there is to be anything in the way of achievement by this organization for its own benefit and the benefit of its members.

I am just as convinced of what I will say next as of what I have said before, namely, that in the years that have gone by, at least those that have come under my observation, the conduct of your Brotherhood has been such that you have maintained in fair degree at least, and some in high degree, the goodwill of the people of our country. It is my hope, and I know it is your ambition, that this continue, and I am sure it will continue if all realize what is not a theoretical, let me repeat, not a theoretical but a real concrete practical truth, that the employers, the payers, the men who earn and hand you your wages and your salaries are the producers, the distributors, and the consumers, the people of our great country.

Your officers call upon you to be loyal and work together for the good of your company and that is good and right. Your officers in the Brotherhood call upon you to work together and be loyal to this organization and that is right as well. But above the claims of the company and above the claims of your officers, is the claim upon men, upon company, upon Brotherhood, for fidelity and service to the people for whom you work and by whose labors you are sustained.

The Chairman: I am going to leave it to Mr. Best to express our thanks to the speakers. We have an unexpected pleasure to-night, and I am going to ask Mr. J. D. Robb, vice-president of the Canadian National Railways, to speak to you.

Mr. J. A. Robb: It is a privilege and honor for me to be here this evening to congratulate the Brotherhood upon the attaining of its 50th Anniversary. You know it is very beautiful in this life to be able to recall the glorious memories of the past. I am sure this Brotherhood can look back with pleasure to what they have accomplished and to the proud position which they

occupy to-day. It is fitting that I should be here. I believe that Mr. Lynch said to you that you would have to take his word that he has not yet reached his 50th anniversary. You will have to take my word that I have passed it some time and you will know how long in a few minutes. I have been associated with the Brotherhood, and with the firemen and enginemen of this association, dealing with them direct, for forty years. I have been associated with them for fifty years, and for ten years before I was an apprentice and a machinist and in the running sheds, working with the enginemen and the firemen. I noticed in this souvenir book the old and the new. The old engine in 1873—now I am going over the fifty, for I started work two years before that. I have gone along from the first up to the present and I want to say this on behalf of the Brotherhood, that I have been dealing with you for forty years, as a fireman, a master mechanic, superintendent motive power, operating vice-president and general manager, and as Mr. Lynch says, you have never violated your obligations. I can testify that that is true. In forty years more than once I have called upon your Brotherhood to stand by your obligations and they never failed to do so. And I can say this that on more than one occasion it would have been a serious matter for the company which I represent had they failed to do so. During all those years the greatest harmony existed between the Brotherhood and myself. We did not always see eye to eye and we did not always agree, but we never lost the respect and friendship for each other. I learned early in my supervising life, and I commenced supervising when I was in the early 20's, that if I was to have any measure of success—and let me digress to say this, that if I have had any measure of success, and I think I can say I have, coming up from apprentice to reach the position of general manager of a railroad, that it was not all through my own efforts or ability, it was more due to the men that I was associated with, not the least the Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen—as I said before, I learned early in my career in the early 20's that if I was to be a success that I had to gain the friendship, the confidence and the respect of the men I was working with. And it was impossible to do that unless I gave them my friendship, my confidence and my respect. There is no man, I don't care who he is, handling men, can make a success unless he gains the confidence and respect of them. I have been working with you for all these years and I can assure you it is a great pleasure to me to be with you to-night, and it is a pleasure to me to know that you have accomplished so much and I have been associated with you and come on up from the time you were organized to the present time, and I assure you that I wish you every success and know that you will get it, until you occupy a higher position with the management of these different railroads and with the people of Canada, and I can assure you that,

Fifty years have rolled along
To find you hearty and going strong
Right in the place where you belong,
The Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen,
God bless you.

Fifty years and every one,
Of tasks accomplished and work well done,
But why look back, you have just begun.
The Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen,
God bless you.

Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, General Executive Assistant to the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway: Mr. Chairman, Friends and Fellow-workers, permit me to express my appreciation of the

honor you have conferred upon me in inviting me to be with you here tonight on the occasion of your reaching the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of your Order, and to offer you, on behalf of my President, Mr. E. W. Beatty, and myself, our hearty congratulations on attaining your jubilee, and best wishes for your future welfare and happiness.

From small beginnings great things have evolved. I am told that in 1873 you started a small lodge with eleven members, and to-day you have 910 lodges and 117,000 members, covering a vast territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Equator to the North, a magnificent attainment for which you may justly feel proud.

In this connection I feel it quite in order to mention, and with the most extreme regret, the loss of your late Vice-President, Mr. George Wark, who made a success of all the positions he held, both in the Canadian Pacific and in your organization. He was a man among men and never faltered in his duty, and the type of man of which the Canadian Pacific Railway and your organization were justly proud. He began in the service of the Canadian Pacific in 1889 and continued a most successful career in the various positions which included that of Locomotive Fireman and Locomotive Engineer, until he became Canadian Chief of your esteemed organization.

I am sure you will agree with me when I take occasion to mention that in the choice of a successor to the late Mr. Wark, your organization was fortunate in having Mr. Lynch to step into his position. Mr. Lynch is no novice as to the value of a fireman and engineer to the country and to the Canadian Pacific, and he enjoys the respect of our Company for his straightforwardness and manliness on all occasions, from the time he served his apprenticeship and successfully weathered many a cold winter on the bleak prairies of Manitoba where he was a success in all positions which he held with the Canadian Pacific in that country until he was elected on January 1st, 1914, to become your General Chairman, and later, on July 1st, 1922, to the Vice-Presidency. May you long have him as your valued administrator. Your organization has proved its wonderful stability, and is universally recognized a power for good, throughout the land. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen stands for sanity in the conduct of its affairs and has invariably observed its obligations even under conditions of the greatest stress. You don't waste your precious time listening to mealy-mouthed would-be orators croning silly platitudes, that get you nowhere, nor to the vaporings of the wild-eyed Bolshevik, roaring impossible Marxist theories from his soap-box pulpit, tending to destroy law and order and to put civilization on the rocks.

Your members are carefully selected and proved to be worthy of the honor of belonging to your order. You have won the confidence of the public in your determination to maintain a high standard for honesty, sobriety and devotion to duty. I often wonder if the average passenger travelling in a luxurious car on a fast running limited express, fully realizes what he owes to the boys on the foot-plate at the front end, when rushing along through space at a dizzy speed in the black night and often through storms. Does he appreciate that his safety, and, perhaps his very life, is in your hands? Does he know what it means to maintain the rate of speed at which he is travelling and the back-breaking effort involved in feeding the "Iron-Horse" as so to ensure its best performance, and at the same time to keep a watchful eye for signals and that the failure to promptly observe the same might whirl him into eternity? I am afraid that many do not give this phase of the game even a passing thought and often fail to recognize the sterling

quality of the boys on duty who hold his destiny in the hollow of their hands. No feeble-minded individuals, no licentious livers are tolerated, but good men, stern and true and faithful to their trust even unto death, sticking to their post in the moments of the greatest danger, facing often a terrible death without flinching and undismayed. Many of us have experienced what it means to look death in the face from the cab of a locomotive, and have fortunately missed the slash of his fatal scythe, while many many others have given all, making the supreme sacrifice at the altar of duty—bleeding and mangled beyond recognition, under tons of flame-swept wreckage our heroes have died. On this joyful jubilee occasion let us not forget the blessed memory of departed brethren. May they rest in peace!

I have presumed to address you, not only as my friends, but as fellow workers; firstly, because I esteem you and like to be associated with the brave, honest men of your calling, and secondly, because it was in the locomotive department of an English railway, more than forty-five years ago, that I started my career and acquired first-hand and intimate knowledge of your duties and difficulties. I have helped to raise many a worthy lad from his humble start as a "wiper" in the roundhouse to his place on the left side of the foot-plate, and later to the right-hand side as a full fledged engineer. This recalls to my mind a pleasing little incident. I was travelling from Kingston to Montreal last summer, on the "International Limited," and on reaching Bonaventure, sharp on time, passing the locomotive on my way out, the burly "Eagle-eye" swung himself out of the cab and after wiping his paw on the seat of his "blue jeans" stood in front of me saying, "Shake, Boss, I could not let you go away without reminding you that it was you who passed me from fireman to driver over thirty years ago." I did not remember his name, but in the veteran's handsome, honest and weather-beaten face, and clear blue eyes, I recalled the stripling standing nervously before me sorting colored worsted strands—the then test for color appreciation—and answering customary questions on the Running Rules and Regulations then in force, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that my young friend had reached the top of his calling and was running the most important train on the old Grand Trunk System.

Thinking back over the fifty years that have elapsed since the formation of your first lodge, reminds me of the conditions that prevailed at that time compared with the present. A 16" x 24", four wheel coupled engine with a 4' x 4' grate that you could fire with a sugar-scoop, and side-rods as thick as your wrist, was considered a "noble machine"—and you know what it has grown to to-day. Fifty years ago I doubt if there was a single locomotive in the old world that had a cab, or even a rudimentary substitute for one, the only protection afforded the driver and his mate was what was then known as the "Spectacle Plate," a brass-rimmed metal frame with two little round glass windows, and a heavy blue overcoat from the Company's stores. Sight feed lubricators had not been invented. To lubricate the cylinders the fireman had to do a "rope-walking-stunt" along a three-inch angle iron from the foot-plate to the front end, carrying with him a copper tallow kettle, monkey wrench and often as not a hand lamp, to fill the tallow cups that were attached to the sides of the smokebox, and if the driver failed to appreciate what he was up to and did not shut her off the fireman frequently got some "hot-mickings" in his eye—making it still more difficult for him to maintain his equilibrium. Automatic couplers and air brakes were not even dreamt of. The fireman was also front brakeman. The freight, or goods trains as they were called in England, were

controlled entirely by the brake on the tender and a more or less inefficient contraption in the guards' (conductors') van at the rear end. So you see things have changed, and the mechanical engineer has done much to make the poor fireman's lot easier. Much still remains to be done and we may, some of us, live to see the general introduction of oil fuel, possibly powdered coal introduced by an air blast into the firebox, and the like, tending to turn the old-time fireman's Hell into Heaven.

I have rambled along long enough and I will not risk your going away feeling that you have been bored stiff by a garrulous old man. Wishing the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen continued prosperity and every blessing on its future labors for the general good, I thank you for your kind attention.

Mr. W. L. Best, Legislative Representative of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen at Ottawa: It is my duty this evening, and a very pleasant one, of moving a very hearty vote of thanks to those who have contributed to what I regard as a very successful Golden Jubilee. We have listened with a very great deal of interest to all of the speakers. I wish we had more time to hear from some of the other representative men that have favored us with their presence here this evening, particularly the representatives from our sister organizations. I want to include in my vote of thanks the Rev. James Fee who gave the invocation at the opening of our meeting. He is one of the men who, as you have heard from the Chairman, started out his career like very many of ourselves, on the footplate of a locomotive, and he was here tonight as one who has graduated from that into another realm, and has brought to us with an entirely new emphasis the thought that I quite believe, namely, that the greatest forces in the world to-day to be recognized by an organization of this kind and by the nation are the Unseen Forces. We are very glad to have had Mr. Fee here tonight and I can assure you all and Mr. Fee also that we appreciate his presence with us this evening to have the invocation he gave us. We appreciate also the presence of His Worship, Mayor Martin, and the cordial welcome that he gave us as well as the words of appreciation in regard to organized labor. Then we have had the representative of the Ladies' Society with us. She has come some distance and we have appreciated very much the message that Mrs. Reynolds brought to us. We are especially favored in having the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, Leader of the Opposition. Many of us expected when we started out to plan this meeting that we were going to have two of our great political leaders, but in response to a cablegram sent to London the present Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, expressed his regret that he could not tell us whether he would be here because he was uncertain as to his date of sailing to Canada and as we know he has only just arrived and so we were denied his presence. We tried to get the Premier of the splendid Province of Quebec but because of other public duties Mr. Taschereau was unable to be with us. But we were very favored and I think we all feel very much inspired tonight with the very lucid and thoughtful address that Mr. Meighen has given us. It has brought home to everyone of us with a new emphasis, the individual responsibility that devolves on every one of us, because after all the whole is made up of the units and if you and I don't realize that we are either a community asset or a liability, and from that take our cue to develop within ourselves our own individual responsibility then we are going down as a community liability rather than a community asset. What has been said by the various speakers tonight justifies the simple declaration from anyone of us that this Brotherhood has been a com-

munity asset. It has not only been a community asset, it has been a national asset, yea, I will go a step further and say that in fostering the harmonious relations that are ever growing more warm between us and our good people to the South of us, that in this bond of international friendship these Railroad Brotherhoods have had no mean part. And I turn to express again to Mr. Meighen my personal appreciation and I know the appreciation of you all for that splendid talk and message he gave us tonight.

Then the kindly felicitations that have come from the representatives of the Railways. We appreciate and reciprocate the kindly feelings that have been expressed and I can say with the rest of the representatives of our Brotherhood that we hope to, and so far as we are concerned will, do everything to cultivate and foster the harmonious relations that have so long existed between the representatives of the company and all these railway Brotherhoods.

Then thanks to the representatives from the sister organizations should go out from all of us, notwithstanding the fact that we have been unable to hear from them because of the shortness of time. Then there is another great agency that should not be left out of our vote of thanks by any means, an agency which I think you will all agree has devolving upon them a very great responsibility in this or any other country. I refer to the public press. The public press is doing much to mould public opinion. To that portion of the public press that has been so kind and generous with their space in publishing what we regard as the very proud record of fifty years of our Brotherhood I want to extend a very hearty vote of thanks on behalf of our organization for what they have done for us. I have not had the pleasure of seeing all the Montreal papers but I saw that a number of them were generous enough to give considerable of their space. I know that our Ottawa papers have published almost verbatim the entire record that was prepared by our International President and sent to every publication, and it is something to feel very proud of that the public press to-day is prepared to give to the public the record of the good things we have done as well as referring to the mistakes that we have sometimes made in the past, for you know we all make mistakes. But right here it is not unkindly for me to say that the press has a wonderful responsibility devolving upon them as they themselves realize because they can be a mighty factor in fostering the good feeling and the spirit that should go to make up and develop a great and prosperous and growing nation, or on the other hand they can do a very great deal to create turmoil and discord among the various classes of the community. All that this organization has ever wanted and all we hope to secure in the future through that great agency the public press is the truth. We ask for no more, but we ask for that all the time. And I want to include the press for what they have done. And then for the ladies who have come out here and by their presence the public who have come to our meeting despite the inclement weather. To all of these we extend a hearty vote of thanks.

The meeting concluded with the singing of "God Save the King," Mrs. Bishop leading the singing.

Old Gentleman: "You haven't been quarreling with that young man who calls on you, have you Julia?"

Julia: "Why, no, pa; why do you ask such a question?"

Old Gentleman: "I noticed that he has kept away somewhat lately. He has only been here six times this week, so far."

The Gospel of The Second Mile

A Sermon preached by Rev. Dr. W. D. REID, in the Stanley Presbyterian Church

Matt. V, 41: "And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

THIS thought was undoubtedly suggested to Jesus by a common custom of his day. The custom was a Roman one which they had borrowed from the Greeks, and they in turn had got it from the Persians. If any Roman official were out on business for the Government, and needed help in any way, he could commandeer that help whenever it appeared, in the name of the Roman Government. If, for instance, a Roman courier was out with the mails, and his horse gave out, the first man that came by with a horse could be commandeered and the man durst not refuse without laying himself open to severe punishment. If a Roman courier got lost, the first man he met he could lay his hand on him and say: "In the name of Caesar I command you to turn about and come with me a mile."

This was one of the Roman laws that was exceedingly irksome to the Jews. Supposing a Jew had gone out on business bent, and he suddenly met a Roman courier, who said: "I command you in the name of Caesar, turn about and come with me a mile," how angry he would be. It was one of the hated and humiliating signs of Roman domination. Now Jesus uses this custom to illustrate his thought, and adds, if such takes place, then go the mile willingly, and with a smile on your face, and at the end of the mile say, "Yes friend, you have COMPELLED me to go one mile, come along and I will go a second one with you voluntarily."

Now the question is: "What are we to make out of it?" Some writers take these hard sayings of Jesus literally. If a man asks you for anything you must give it if you possess it. If he wants to borrow, you must loan. If he strikes you on one cheek you must turn the other.

The danger and difficulty, however, of such an interpretation is that a man may carry out all these injunctions literally, and still the spirit behind it may be all wrong. Jesus was always much more anxious about the spirit that lay behind the action rather than the action itself.

A young Quaker was once smitten on one cheek by an enemy. He at once turned the other and received a blow on it. Then he said, "Now I have fulfilled the command of Scripture," and immediately started in and punished his adversary. He carried out the Scripture, but we must admit the right spirit was not there.

No, the literal interpretation is not all that is wanted. Behind all these wondrous sayings of the Master there ever lies a great principle of life, and when we carry it out in the right spirit we will know by experience what a wonderful ethical teacher He was, as well as a theologian.

Well, what is the principle that lies behind this saying? It means that life has its compulsions. Life has its Roman couriers, that come along to every one of us at times, and says, "You must." We can meet that Roman courier in one of two spirits. Either we can say to him, "Yes, Roman courier, you compel me to go a mile. I will go, but I hate you, and at the end of the mile I will turn about and go back, and if ever I get a chance, I will get even with you."

Or you can say, "Yes, Roman courier, you compel me to go a mile. I will go, and I will go with a smile upon my face, and if you want me I will go another one as well." In other words I will take the sting out of the

first mile of compulsion, by going a second one voluntarily.

I will admit this is heroic treatment. It is homeopathic treatment with a vengeance; but if we try it we will then understand what a wonderful teacher was Jesus, the Christ. The text is an illustration of the spirit in which we should meet the stern compulsions of life.

Now that we have the principle before us let us apply it to certain phases of life as we know them.

(1) There is a stern Roman courier called "Hard Work," who lays his hand on each one of us and says, "You Must."

When our first parents were ejected from the garden we are told that the statement was hurled after them, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." In other words, "Now you will have to work for your living." Paul catches the same idea when he says, "If any man will not work neither shall he eat." We all have to work for our living. Work is the law of life. Of course there may be a few exceptions, such as tramps and millionaires, or, rather, millionaires' children, but to be in that position is one of the greatest catastrophes that can come to anyone.

Have you ever seen any person amount to anything in life who did not work? Never. It is work, downright hard work that makes men, that builds character. When I say "Work" I do not necessarily mean laboring with the hands and muscles only. Sometimes men who earn their livings in this way, think that is the only kind of real labor.

How often I have heard it said, "He does not need to work any more; he makes his living with his coat and collar on." I have made it both ways, and can truthfully say I have worked a great deal harder with coat and collar on than I have ever done with these off. A man may work with his hands, or with his brain, or with his executive ability, etc., but it is work.

Now, there are the two spirits in which we meet this Roman courier WORK. Yonder is a man who goes to the factory every morning. Very often he is late. He goes to his duty with reluctant step. He makes a show of working, but every little while he inspects his watch, to see how time is passing, and the moment the 12 o'clock whistle sounds he is out and away. He has no interest in his work. He has no love for his work. His work is distasteful to him and he looks upon it as a disagreeable way of earning so many cents or dollars with which to get bread. He does it simply in the spirit of the "one mile" service.

Here is another man who comes along, whistling or singing, in good time. (Carlyle says, "Blessed is the man who sings at his work for he will do more of it, and do it better than any other.") He becomes deeply engrossed in his work. He is interested in it. He loves it. When 12 o'clock comes he says, "where has the forenoon gone to?" He has not noticed time pass at all. His work is not with him a mere matter of dollars and cents. He enjoys it, and wants to do just as much of it and do it as well as he can. In other words, he goes to his duty in the spirit of the "two mile" service.

And very often it is this spirit in which a man does his work that determines the amount of success he has in his everyday vocation. A man once told me he wanted a foreman for a certain job, and had two men in his mind

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for the position. He knew not which to choose. Suddenly he decided one day. The two men were walking along, each with a plank on his shoulder, when suddenly the 12 o'clock whistle sounded.

One man threw his plank from him just on the spot, put on his coat and went out.

The other walked some distance, carefully deposited his plank in the proper place and then left.

That afternoon the second man was called into the office and made foreman.

It was the spirit of the two men displayed in that little action that determined the choice.

Very often when we hear a man complaining that he has not had fair play, and others are promoted over him, here is where the trouble lies. Is his work done in the spirit of the one or two-mile service? That is the important question.

There is the one-mile housewife. In her housekeeping duties anything will do. She would far rather be out at the Club, or at a W.C.T.U. meeting or some other kind of gathering than looking after her household duties. Anything but that house. All her duties are performed simply in the spirit of the one mile service.

But we have the two mile housewife, who is never satisfied with her household arrangements until everything in that house is in the very best condition possible. She loves her home, and nothing is too much trouble for her there.

We have the one mile minister, the man who was described by the old Scotch parishioner as "Inveesible six days in the week, and incomprehensible on the seventh." The man who has no particular love for his people, and no anxious desire to serve them. His interest largely lies in filling in an hour twice on Sunday and drawing his cheque at the end of the month. Everything he does is performed only in the spirit of the one mile service, and usually in two or three years he wants to move on, because he has such a miserable lot of people who can never be satisfied.

But there is the two mile minister, who loves his people, who is ever anxious to serve them either by night or day. When off on his holidays he is planning the very best things for his people, and keeping in touch with all the sick and aged and bereaved. He is never happier than when serving as a true minister of Jesus Christ. When the two mile minister wants a change of pastorate he does not need to wear the shoes off his feet looking for a call as churches everywhere are wanting him. The world everywhere is looking for the two mile man. You see then, friends, what I mean. The thought can be carried into every walk and duty of life. All toilers can be classed under one head or the other. The man who meets the Roman courier of hard work in the spirit of the one mile service, or the man who meets him in the spirit of the two mile service which says, "Yes, I will go the second mile if you want me to do so."

(2) Notice a second Roman courier called "Adverse Circumstances" who lays his hand upon us at times and says, "You Must."

We all have to meet this stern Roman courier in the garments of darkness, and death. There is, however, a great difference in the spirit in which he is met. Once in my pastoral work I was called upon to bury two young married women on the one afternoon. Both had died from the same cause, under peculiarly sad circumstances. Both had left little ones behind.

At the first funeral the husband was hard, bitter, vindictive against God, and never shed a tear. He remarked bitterly, "God had no business to take away my wife, the mother of those little ones." In that hard

spirit he went to the grave. He met the courier of death only in the spirit of the one mile service. "I will bear because I have to, that is all."

The second one was sad and sorrowful too, but he said in a beautiful spirit, "It is hard, but God knows best, and He will give me grace to bear." He met it in the spirit of the larger service.

When "adverse circumstances" come upon us, we can either meet them in that hard bitter vindictive spirit, and become cynical and sour over it all, or we can meet them in larger, better spirit, and become softened and mellowed by it. Every difficulty and sorrow, and thwarted ambition in life will have one of these two effects. All will depend upon the spirit in which we meet it.

In 1897, I was in Glasgow attending the Free Church college there. That winter no man was so much talked of and admired by students, professors, and even the janitor, as Henry Drummond.

Henry Drummond was dying all winter at Tunbridge Wells, England, of an awful disease which, I have been told, doctors seldom meet. Every joint is racked out of its place slowly, and the man dies by inches in the most awful agony. He was only 48 years of age. He was a great litterateur, he was a world renowned scientist, a great theologian, who could go to Edinburgh and pack the largest hall there with 3,000 students. He was a wonderful personality, and above all a bright Christian. Dwight L. Moody once said of him, "I think Henry Drummond is the most like Jesus Christ of any man I have ever met." A few months before this he had been offered the Principalship of McGill University.

Yet with all these marvellous qualifications and opportunities he lay dying. Every week-end one of the students or one of the professors would go down to Tunbridge Wells to spend the week-end with him. Once the janitor told me with tears in his eyes that Henry Drummond had sent for him, and sent him tickets to go to see him. Every man went into that sick room with the idea of comforting the poor sufferer, and to condole with him.

But Henry Drummond would have none of it. He was all smiles, full of fun and playfulness and laughter. He would tell some side-splitting joke, and enquire, "What is the latest and best joke you have heard." He refused to talk about his ailments. Every man came back with the same tale, "What a marvellous man is Henry Drummond."

He met the stern Roman courier of death in such a spirit that even while meeting him he defeated him, because he met him in the spirit of the two mile service. It takes a great man to do that. Nay, it takes a man, with a mighty faith in God, to exercise that spirit under such circumstances.

Perhaps a young man has a great vision for the future. He says, "I am going to be a great preacher of the Gospel, or a great missionary, or a great medical man, or a great lawyer, or a great parliamentarian, or a great business man. He plods on faithfully for years, but at last comes to the conclusion that he can never attain the goal of his ambition because nature has placed upon him too many limitations. He finds that his natural or mental furnishings are too meagre for him to ever scale the mountain peak he had set before him. He is disappointed, disgusted, perhaps even despairing.

Now, there are the two attitudes he can take towards this stern Roman courier of frustrated hopes. He can nurse his disappointment, and grumble and complain, and become cynical and vindictive and hard, and jealous of those who are succeeding better than he is, or he can say something like this, "Yes, Roman courier, you have thrust me back into this little narrow sphere, you have frustrated my hopes and blasted my ambitions,

but by the Grace of God, I will make this little sphere the very best and brightest and happiest of which it is capable, and instead of men saying, 'Oh, those cruel limitations, that have been thrust upon that man,' they will say, 'What a wonderful personality his is that has transformed even the desert and made it blossom as the rose'."

Whether the dark difficult and apparently disastrous moments of life become to us a blessing or a curse, whether they harden us or mellow us, depends largely upon the spirit in which we meet them. If in the spirit of the one mile service they harden, injure and destroy; if in the spirit of the two mile service, then they become real blessings in disguise.

(3) There is a stern Roman courier called "Religion" who lays his hand upon us all and says, "You Must."

"Man is incurably religious," said Ruskin, and he was right. The question asked by Pontius Pilate when he came forth that April morning, and looked into the clear eyes of the Nazarene before him, "What shall I do with Jesus who is called the Christ," is a question that at some time faces every man who has heard His Name.

You say, "Well I have never either faced or answered that question, and do not intend doing so."

But you have. Every man who has heard the question has answered it some way. The very fact that you think you have not answered it shows that you have, but you have answered it in the wrong way. You have given a negative reply. Now, let me say, we all face our religious duties either in the spirit of the one or two mile service. Many people look upon all religious duties as something exceedingly obnoxious. If such persons would express the real feeling of their hearts, they would say

on Sunday morning, "I suppose I will have to go to church this morning, but I would much rather stay at home, or go to the golf course. But I suppose I ought to go."

And so he goes in the spirit of the one mile service. But there is a better way shown by the Psalmist when he said, "I joyed when they said unto me, let us go up to the house of the Lord." That is the spirit of the two mile service.

A Sunday school teacher says, "I suppose I will have to go to Sunday school to-day, and teach that class of boys. I would far rather go for a walk or an auto ride, but I suppose I will have to go." This is doing Christian work in the spirit of the one mile service. There is the other way of looking at it which says, "What a privilege is mine to-day, to have 25 minutes with those boys or girls in my class, to teach them some great truths that may influence their lives tremendously in the days to come." This is two mile service in religious work.

When Jesus came to the world, he found the religion of the Jews had just become a sort of "Rule of thumb religion;" 265 prohibitions of various kinds hedged it about. They could tell you how far you could walk on the Sabbath without sinning, but if you went a foot beyond that, it was sin. They would tell you that you might lift your hand to your mouth, to convey food thereto, but if you raised it to the top of your head it was a mortal sin.

It was in this spirit that Peter came to Jesus and said, "How often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Seven times?" Jesus' reply was, "Not seven times, but seventy times seven."

Now, Jesus was not here dealing in arithmetic at all. He simply meant, "Peter, there must be no limits to

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your forgiveness; you must go the second mile in forgiving all your enemies."

The greatest fight of His life was against a mere cut-and-dried, formal, rule-of-thumb, one mile religion. Never did the Blessed Master utter a truer or a deeper word than when he said, "He that saves his life, hedges it in, grabs everything in sight, selfishly corrals everything for self, shall lose his life, but he that loses his life, throws it away for my sake and the Gospel's, shall find his larger life."

Yes, it is only as we meet the demands of Jesus Christ, only as we do His work in the spirit of the two mile service, can we be happy and joyful and successful in our religious life and work. When we go into our religious life in this spirit, then instead of it being a hindrance to us it becomes a great help; instead of it being fetters it becomes wings; instead of labelling it with that cold word, "Duty" we can truthfully call it real pleasure, a joy, a victory.

(4) Notice, lastly, there is a stern Roman courier called "Death," who will one day lay his hand upon each one of us and say, "You Must."

I do not think it is wise to think too much of that change that we call death, neither do I think it wise to ignore it altogether until it arrives as many people do. Let us never forget altogether that some day this stern Roman courier will issue his mandate to us, and we will not be able to refuse. Whether we like it or not he will come.

A minister was once talking to a rather rebellious self-opinionated kind of man, who gave vent to this expression, "I am a man who will not be driven by anybody or anything." The minister replied, "My good man you will be driven." "What do you mean?" said the man. "I mean," replied the minister, "that some day you will be driven to old age and gray hairs. You will not like it or relish it, but your leave will never be asked. Some day you will be driven on to a bed of sickness and suffering. You will not want to go there, but your permission will never be asked. Some day you will be brought face to face with the realities of another life over yonder in the beyond; you will not want to go, but your mind will never be sought in the matter at all; you will HAVE to go."

That is it. There is no use in any man saying, "I will not be driven." There are too many of God's couriers for that, and some day the Courier of Death will say, "You must."

There are the two spirits in which men meet this courier. Sometimes men die simply because they have to. No light, no hope, no sun, no moon, no stars. This is dying in the spirit of the one mile service. Going because you have to. How often I have seen it. Once when in my study, there came a loud knock at the door. Upon opening the door a man said, "Come with me as quickly as possible." I did so, and we drove rapidly towards the General Hospital. On the way I enquired, "What is the matter?" He replied, "While intoxicated last night a man took poison. He was rushed to the General Hospital, and the doctors worked with him all night, but this morning they told him nothing could save him. He asked, 'How long have I to live?' They replied, 'before noon to-day you will be a dead man.'" In awful consternation he said, "Send for the minister."

I went into his room, and tried to talk to him but he was in such agony he could not answer me. I prayed with him, but inside of five minutes from the time I entered he died. I came out of that room with a feeling of unutterable sorrow on my heart. What an awful thing for a man to give his health and strength to the

service of the devil, and all unprepared to be thus ushered into the realities of the other life. He died unprepared. He died in the spirit of the one mile service. Died because he had to.

But there is a better way of meeting the stern courier. Sometimes the minister is commissioned to give a man his death sentence. On more than one occasion the doctor has told me, "You had better tell him that the end is near." I have watched the effect of the announcement on the child of God. When I told one man, he paled for a moment and asked a few questions then he said, "Well, I have a few things to straighten out, and then I am ready." I said, "Have you settled the great question?" and he replied with a smile, "Oh yes, I settled that thirty years ago. It is all right." He kept that cheerful spirit to the last and passed away with a smile upon his lips.

Such was the death of the late Dwight L. Moody. On the morning of his death he opened his eyes, and said to his son William, "William, I think my coronation day has come." His son said, "Don't talk that way, father, we need you here yet for a while." He replied, "Well, I would be glad to stay if it is the Lord's will but I have had a look into the other world, and they are beckoning me over."

Later he said, "I have often spoken of death as a dark valley, but there is no valley here. If this is dying, it is glorious." And so that great saint of God swept up into the Heavenlies to be with his Lord and Master he had loved so well and served so long. He died in the spirit of the two mile service.

Christian friends, are we meeting our everyday toil and work in this spirit of the larger service? Are we? Then we will be happy, and then we will be successful.

Are we meeting the adverse circumstances, the dark things, the discouraging things of life, in this spirit of the two mile service? If so, then they will only be to us blessings in disguise, and they will help us to build noble characters. Are you meeting Christ, and your religious duties, in that spirit of glad joyous service? Then it is a privilege to this work for the Master. Then your religious life will be a continual victory and triumph for you.

And if we are thus meeting the different couriers of life, when the last stern Roman courier called death issues his call, we will be able to die in that spirit of the two mile service. Death will then only be going home to dwell with Him we have loved and served here below. That is Paul's thought when he says, "Death has lost its sting and the grave has lost its victory."

"And when, from out this bourne of time and place,
The flood shall bear me far.

I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the Bar."

"If any man compel you to go a mile, go with him twain."

MODEST AMBITION

"Don't you want to have a grateful public rear monuments to your memory?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But I'm not asking too much. The public is terribly busy these days. If a man can keep from being forgotten while he is alive he's making a pretty fair record."

NOT HER FAULT

Mr. Skimp—"I don't see how you had this counterfeit bill passed on you."

Mrs Skimp—"Well, you don't let me see enough real money to enable me to tell the difference."

Clique

What is a clique? 'Tis a body of men
 What attend every meeting, not just now and then,
 Who don't miss a meeting unless they are sick,
 Those are the men that the grouch calls the clique.

Who don't make a farce of the sacred word "Brother,"
 Who believe in the motto: "Help one another,"
 Who never resort to a dishonest trick.
 These are the men whom some call the clique.

The men who are seldom behind in their dues,
 And who, from the meeting do not carry news;
 Who attend to their duties and visit the sick,
 These are the men that the cranks call the clique.

We should all be proud of members like these,
 They call them the clique, or whatever they please;
 They never attempt any duties to dodge,
 They are the clique that run most every lodge.

But there are some people that always find fault,
 And most of this kind are not worth their salt;
 They like to start trouble, but seldom will stick,
 They put all the work on the so-called clique.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Hostess (serving the cocktails)—"Be careful not to spill any of it, won't you? I notice it has a tendency to eat holes in the floor."

Every man on earth considers a promise sacred—if made to him by another.

Nell: "What would you give to have such hair as mine?"

Belle: "I don't know; what did you give?"

Hub: "What did you do with all those unpaid bills, Alice?"

Wife: "I saw they were beginning to worry you, dear, so I destroyed them."

Messenger: "Who's the swell ye was talkin' to, Jimmie?"

Newsboy: "Oh, him an' me's worked together for years! He's editor o' one o' my papers."

"They're comparatively rich, aren't they?"

"Well, I wouldn't say 'comparatively,' but 'relatively.' They have a rich uncle of whom they expect great things."

Jack: "Take two letters from 'money' and 'one' will be left."

Pat: "Is that a joke?"

Jack: "Yes."

Pat: "Well, I know of a fellow who took money from two letters, and it was no joke. He got two years."

"How did they happen to meet?"

"He ran over that poodle of which she was so fond."

"Did he replace it?"

"Looks that way. He and she are now engaged."

A woman can believe anything she wants to believe.



A fast game of hockey is one of Young Canada's favorite hobbies around Christmas time.

C. N. R. In British Empire Exhibition

MORE than fifty million dollars will have been spent on instruction and amusement of visitors to the British Empire Exhibition, at Wembley, London, when the exhibition opens its gates in April, 1924. Transport facilities and other accommodations are planned to take care of half a million patrons per day.

All the Dominion and Colonies, and other parts of the British Empire, are taking part in the exhibition. The Canadian Government share in the exhibit will be on a large and impressive scale.

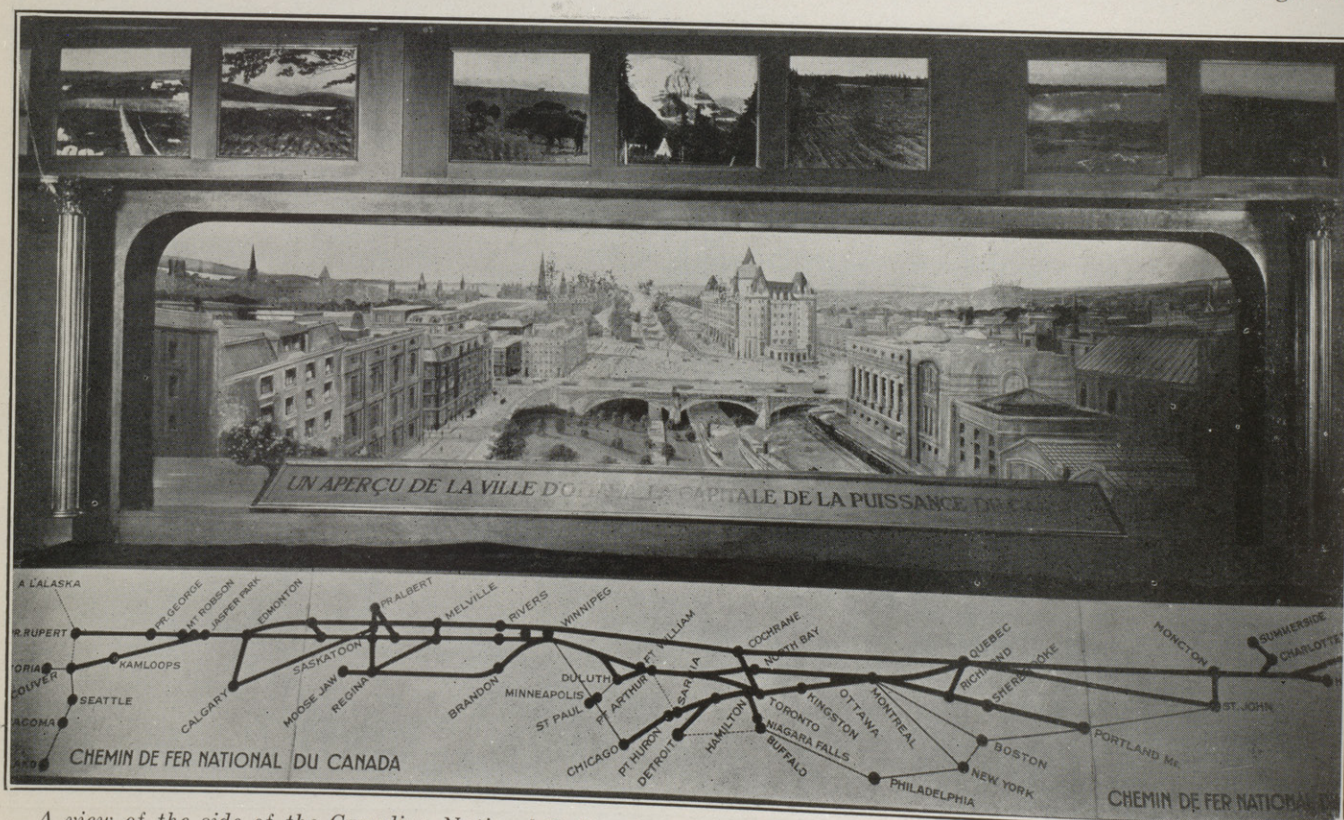
The Canadian National Railways will also have a handsome pavilion, in connection with the construction and organization of which Mr. Harry Charlton, Manager of the Advertising Department, recently spent six weeks in Great Britain, with a side trip to France. Mr. Charlton told the Railroader that the Canadian National Railways Pavilion would be in the Classic style of architecture, and would be 90 x 110 feet. It would be next to the Canadian Government Pavilion, and fronting on the famous artificial lagoon, which will intersect the Exhibition. The exhibits would illustrate the agricultural and horticultural features of Canada, the industries, resources and scenic attractions of the country, and the hotels, equipment and other phases of the C.N.R., with the greatest track mileage in the world. In addition, there would be a cinema hall to seat 350 people where daily free exhibitions would be given of Canadian films.

The entire Exhibition, said Mr. Charlton, would cover an area of 216 acres. It would be open from April to October, and it was expected that not less than

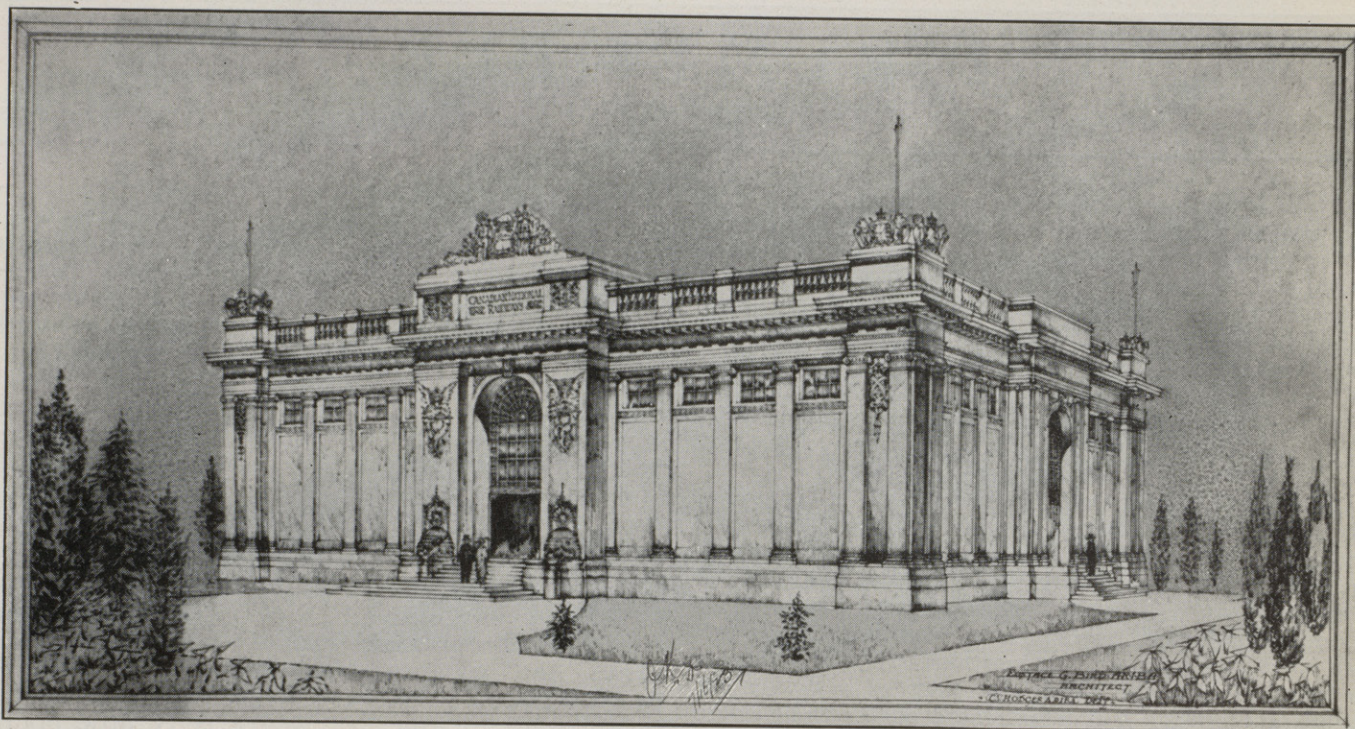
15,000,000 persons would pass the turnstiles in that time. It would be the most comprehensive exhibition of the Empire's features that had ever been assembled, and would be in many respects the largest exhibition in the world.

Asked about any changes he had noticed in London since his previous visit before the Great War, Mr. Charlton said that one of the remarkable things about London was that, in the mass, it always seemed the same. There was not very apparent trace of the War. Even the London bobby, that marvel of power, efficiency and courtesy, was the same old bobby, except that nowadays most of his type wore war ribbons. Mr. Charlton was greatly struck with the continued improvement in the fine handling of traffic by the police, always a notable feature of London life. The would-be speeder and "road hog" got very short shrift, and his identity made no difference. If the Prime Minister broke a traffic law, a London policeman would "pinch" him and a London magistrate would lecture him soundly and probably hand out the maximum penalty.

"Although," said Mr. Charlton, "London is, generally, the same old London, it is, nevertheless, constantly being kept up-to-date in various ways. Great office buildings and stores are always springing up, the 'tube' system is being extended and speeded, slums are being overhauled, and the great arteries of traffic are being widened and otherwise fitted for the immense and growing volume of motor vehicles and pedestrians. One thing that appealed to me as an advertising man was that the electric advertising sky signs of London were the largest and most novel I had ever seen. I thought that



A view of the side of the Canadian National Railway's car in the Canadian Exhibition Train. The model of the City of Ottawa is in the centre.



The Pavilion of the Canadian National Railways at the British Empire Exhibition.

New York and Chicago led in these things, but changed my mind about it when I saw Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus again."

Mr. Charlton was impressed by the great increase in motor traffic on the country roads outside London. The beautiful scenery and beautiful roads were as before, but the road traffic, largely horse traffic in older days had given way to an immense stream of automobiles. The motor traffic between Eastbourne and Brighton and London, for instance, was so tremendous that uniformed traffic officers were stationed every five miles by the automobile associations to direct motorists, arrange for repairs, remove broken-down cars from the traffic stream, and in other ways help the motorist, and protect the general public as well.

Mr. Charlton spent two days with the Canadian Exhibition train in the south of France, travelling with it from Dijon. The train was organized by the Canadian and French Governments, through Senator Beaubien, who is travelling with it. It is made up of 30 auto vans,

each drawn by a tractor. The vans are each 30 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 7 feet high. The sides of the vans can be lowered to display the exhibits of which there are 135 descriptive of agriculture, transportation, and other features of Canada. The Canadian National Railways car, No. 1, shows a model of the city of Ottawa, with the Parliament buildings, the Chateau Laurier, the Union Station and the Rideau Canal forming the foreground.

This Canadian Exhibition train, with lecturers and attendants, moves at 20 miles an hour along French country roads, halting in all towns and villages, where the vans are usually drawn up in a circle. Great crowds have visited the trains, and Mr. Charlton said that excellent results had been obtained from this novel advertising scheme.

Setting out from Havre on July 16, it was on the move through France and Belgium until recently, when it was taken to the L'Orangerie, an Exhibition building in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, where it was on exhibition during the month of November.

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MONTREAL

I REMEMBER

By CHARLES W. STOKES

THIS is a quiet evening at home in the Christmas season, so the gramophone in the apartment below is in full blast, shattering the silences of the snow-bound night with canned music of the regular apartment-house kind. Our floors are thin, and our carpets lie naked on them with none of the thick felt that, say, the Mausoleum Club uses to deaden sounds. So we get the full benefit.

"... three o'clock in the morning,
We've danced the whole night through! . . ."

Memory is a very queer thing. It ought to be logical, like a slot machine; you put in a penny, press the button, and get a chocolate bar. That's the way these memory systems would have it, with their dreadful Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle. But, strangely enough, memory is seldom logical and is frequently inefficient. You can feed hints, threats or auto-suggestions to it, but it refuses to function with the sullen obstinacy of a flivver car that won't crank. But whiz! there comes along some little emotion that has nothing to do with the matter at all, and there is your memory racketing all over the place, spilling reminiscences thirteen to the dozen, and almost becoming a positive nuisance.

"... I'd like to keep right on dancing
Forever"

This is an egotistical article, and that darned fellow downstairs is responsible. Take that tune, for instance. No, dear friends, I'm not going to get sentimental, or write a "Hymns That Have Helped," but I had clean forgotten the pesky thing, and if I lean back in my chair, and close my eyes—and remember . . .

Well, where are we? It is still night, but not the night of winter. Snow, icy sidewalks, sleigh-bells, street cars, have all vanished. We are on the shore of a lake—a very large lake, with no further shore visible. No stars. Sand dunes, and the lake lapping in musically. Trees along the dunes, their leaves fluttering uncertainly in the undertone of a coming storm. A boardwalk, brilliantly lit in patches that stun the intervening dark. A warm, languorous summer's night.

"It's three o'clock in the morning,
We've danced the whole night through!"

It wasn't three o'clock, only nine-thirty, and there were considerably more than the "us two" that the ballad calls for. But we danced! The dancing, I may add, was free; nevertheless, that did not detract one iota from its quality. One meets nowadays just as neat and as merry exponents of the light-footed art at the places where the dancing is free, to advertise the hot dogs, or at most only a nickel, as in the most refined Charity Balls. And really, the orchestra was quite good, and here were several hundred encoring "Three O'Clock" again and again. They kept getting it, too. Four hours before, and fifty miles away, they had been occupied in what the hymn-writer called the common round, the trivial task. In another twelve hours they would be so occupied again. But in the meantime they were separated from it by an excursion train with the delightful name of "The Moonlight Limited," as well as by almost as many centuries of experiential time as in the first chapter of Wells' "Outline of History." Believe me, I'm not sneering at them. I was one of them.

And then suddenly, just at that syncopation, where you hesitate—the pause, you know, at "one more waltz . . . with you"—the lights went out. They came on again almost immediately, but the storm was upon us. Its crescendo howled above the orchestra's. Some lightning flashes—a quick squall of rain that lashed the boardwalk—a rushing wind that whipped up the lake, blew down a hot dog stand, and bent the tree tops. We all crowded to the doors to see the storm, with murmurs such as "Gee, and me in this dress!" We stood there, watching Nature jazz; someone closed the windows to keep out the rain, so that it was warmer inside than ever. And then the orchestra, rising to the occasion, summoned us back.

"Just one more waltz . . . with you!"

Kick me in the slats hard, someone, to waken me. Here I am, fifteen hundred miles and getting on a year away! Am I going to keep on remembering Winnipeg Beach, a place I'd thoroughly forgotten and don't particularly want to remember, and a petty little prairie thunderstorm, every time I hear a wretched cheap tune which I had forgotten, too?

Perhaps you recall that pretty little piece in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" about the associations of scent. Holmes said that the smell of certain things was a greater excitation to his memory than any other cause; a sunflower, I think it was, always made him think of—of something I've forgotten. Certain things affect me that way—especially where there is some suggestion of rain. I wonder if our analytical critics have ever discovered the relationship of realism and rain! There's Ibsen, for instance; he haunts one because—as in "Ghosts"—all his plots seem pervaded by the loneliness and dreariness of rain-slashed fiords. And then there is Sherlock Holmes—a realist if ever there was one!—sitting comfortably by his fire, and Doctor Watson coming in from Baker Street shaking the rain from his mackintosh. Sherlock simply couldn't solve things unless it were raining without.

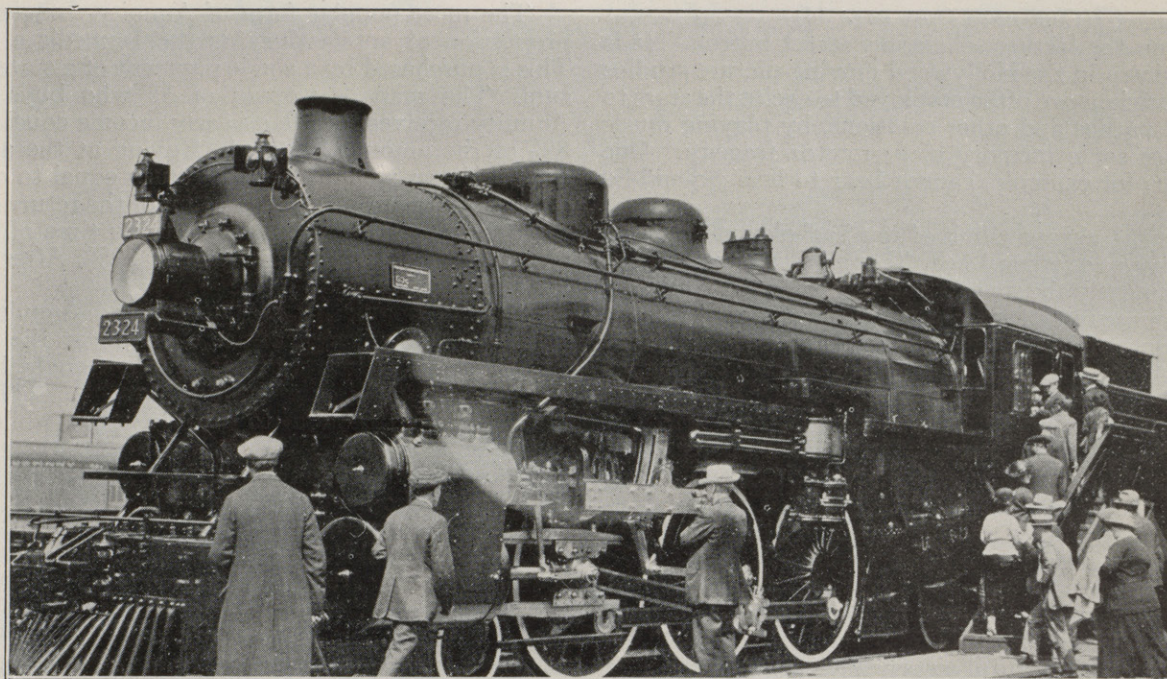
I can recall a lovely but lonely lake in British Columbia, mountain hemmed and fringed by deep forests. Possibly it receives only the normal, average amount of precipitation that the statistics call for; but to me that lake is irretrievably fixed as a dull, rainy lake, with a steamer rocking its way along the shores, with a cheerless drizzle beating against the observation-window, and back in the lounge a girl singing, in a clear, bright voice, the "Missouri Waltz."

"Way down in Missouri, where I heard that melody."

That was the year that "Missouri" was popular. I have it yet, in my own canned music—which shows how old the latter is—and once in a while I play it. To me it visualizes the Arrow Lake as nothing else can. I see the dense, dripping forests, the rain, the people at the small lake-edge settlements rushing down in raincoats to get the groceries and the bundles of newspapers, the Chinaman with his pet bear, the peaches for lunch, and the steamer swaying rhythmically along as the girl sang.

The farther one delves into this subject, the more sentimental one may become. Whole travelogues range themselves before the mental vision, recreated by their associations, just as the stereopticon slide flashes on the

(Continued on page 38)



The latest engines of the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. on show in the grounds of the Toronto Exhibition. Thirty thousand visitors passed through the cabs of these modern marvels of size, power and speed. The photographs were "snapped" by John Oliphant, "Railroader" employee, who was an interested spectator. The upper picture is of the C.P.R. engine.



(Continued from page 36)

screen when the lecturer clicks his secret button. It is said that down in the Hollywood moving-picture studios unseen musicians are often employed to excite the stars to "register" pathos and other emotions, by playing music that carries some memory of sorrow or tragedy. One young star, for example, cannot bear to hear So-and-So played.

Anyway, I always think of my bachelor uncle, dead these many years, when I hear "Love's Old Sweet Song." It is so eminently the song for the old-fashioned none-too-musical amateur singer of the obliging bachelor uncle type. "Songs of Araby" always recalls, strangely enough, a certain World's Fair, open-air concerts, strings of Japanese lanterns, and a cornet-player. "Santa Lucia," which an Italian barrel-organ plays under my window so regularly because I once threw it a dime, guides one's thoughts back to the first girl one loved. "Sun of My Soul," of course, affects anyone with the slightest sensitiveness; its beautiful simplicity cannot but make one think of a little grey church, the dark, worn, old pews, the setting sun flickering on the altar brasses, the stained glass windows, and the sweet smells of summer coming in at the open door.

Those days of youthful ecstasy and enthusiasm, when simply to *feel* was so sacred . . .

And that buccaneer downstairs, who has started all this introspection, has just changed his record. Simultaneously the picture on the screen dissolves, just as if the operator had changed the slide. From the blur and haziness of the new picture sharp outlines gradually detach themselves—the outlines of rugged mountains that dip steeply into deep, cold lakes. They are austere magnificent, and in sunlight would look barren and inhospitable; but now their tops, and the pinky glaciers on their sides, are bathed in the purple afterglow of an Alaska sunset. Looking out across the lake, one sees these transfigured peaks; looking behind, one sees a companion range that hems in the little valley; looking to the side, one sees a few ugly shacks, somewhat softened by the sunset, and poplar bushes, plots of cabbages, fireweed, and a rocky path. At the door of one shack sits a bearded man, who has in front of him a small portable gramophone; and to the unearthly stillness and beauty of the dusk he is contributing—just as that fellow in the apartment underneath is playing—that meaningless ribald ditty about his "Sweet Hortense."

"She has two teeth in her mouth,
One points north and the other points south!"

Government Annuities Selling Well Inquiries Show Widespread Increase of Interest

Ottawa. — The Dominion Annuities Branch, Department of Labour, reports a very considerable growth in its business. During September of this year it received 2,705 inquiries, as compared with 800 during the same month in 1922. These inquiries came from all parts of Canada, from people of all ages and conditions.

What is yet more satisfactory is that people are not only making inquiries, they are buying Annuities on a larger scale than ever before. During the first six months of the present fiscal year, that is, from April 1st to September 10th, \$567,000 was received for investment in Annuities. This is over \$125,000 in excess of the amount received for the same purpose during the corresponding period last year. In view of the large number of applications now being received, it seems likely that the amount of business written in 1923 will be well in excess of last year's total, which represented an investment of over a million dollars.

The most popular form of Annuity, judging by the proportion of applications, is the Immediate Annuity. This is purchased by a single payment of a stated capital sum. The man or woman of 55 who buys such an Annuity receives for life a yearly income equal to about 8% of the amount invested. Buying at the age of 65, the purchaser would receive a return equal to over 11% of his investment. The proportion of the return increases with the age of the annuitant at the time of purchase up to the age of 85, when it is over 27%. After 85, there is no further increase.

Next in popularity is the Deferred Annuity. This, as its name implies, becomes effective at the end of a given number of years, and is usually bought by means of small quarterly or monthly payments. This plan is particularly attractive to people who, while yet in youth or middle-life, wish to provide for their old age. The cost depends upon two things: the age of the purchaser when he begins payment, and the age at which he wishes to commence receiving the Annuity.

The Act establishing the Annuities Branch was passed in 1908. At first, the business done was not extensive, but during the last ten years it has grown steadily. There has been an especially notable increase in the number of Annuities written since the Branch came under the operation of the Department of Labour about two years ago.

UNBREAKING THE NEWS

Clancy—"Mrs. Murphy, yure son Mike has just fell off th' scaffolding and kilt himself."

Mrs. Murphy—"Merciful hivins!"

Clancy—"Aisy now! 'Tis only his leg that's bruk, an' it's glad ye will be to hear it whin ye thought he was killed entoirely."

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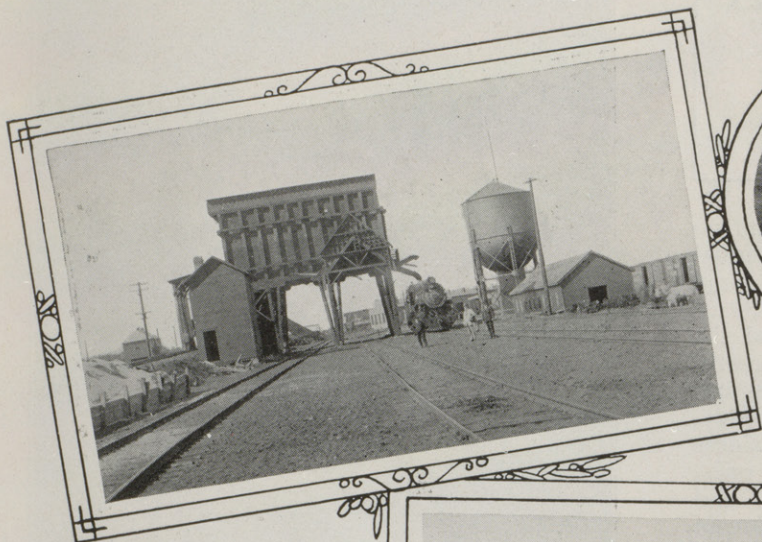
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AND
SEE OUR MILLS

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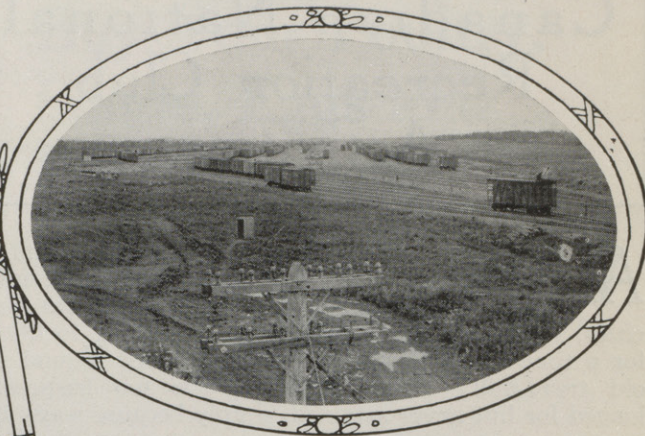
Send us your Order

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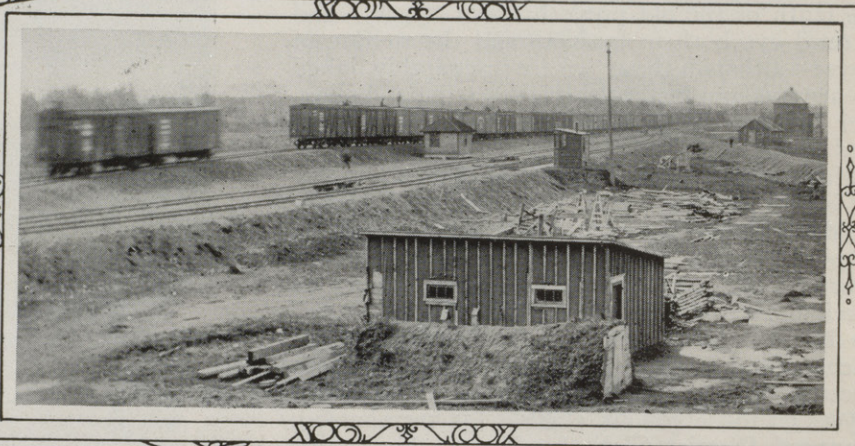
Great New Terminal Yards of C.N.R.



The Engine yard looking towards electric turntable, showing bunk house, coaling plant, engine house, tank, car repair building, and mechanical ash plant.



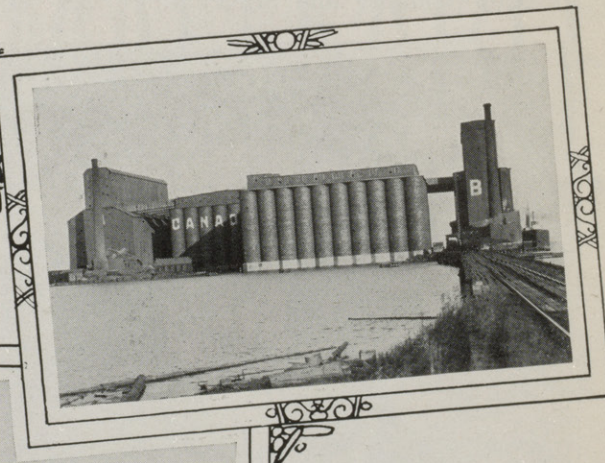
Classification yard, looking eastward from the "hump."



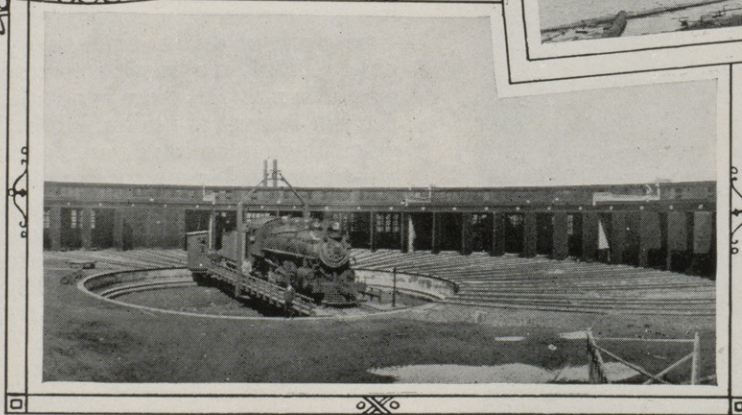
The "Hump," showing cars being switched over it.



From centre of classification yard, looking westerly with cars coming into it from the "hump." The force of gravity is the only power used in placing cars on classification tracks assigned to them.



The eight and one-half million bushel elevator at Port Arthur owned by the Canadian National Railways, showing grain going into elevator from cars at one end and being loaded on boat at other.



Twenty-four stall round house, showing electrically operated table.

Some idea of the extent of the Neebing Terminal, opened at Fort William by the Canadian National Railways, given by the above pictures, showing part of the 43 miles trackage with capacity for 2,000 cars. This new terminal is doing much to minimize the possibility of grain car congestion on Canadian National lines at the head of the lakes.

Canadian National Recreation Club Activities

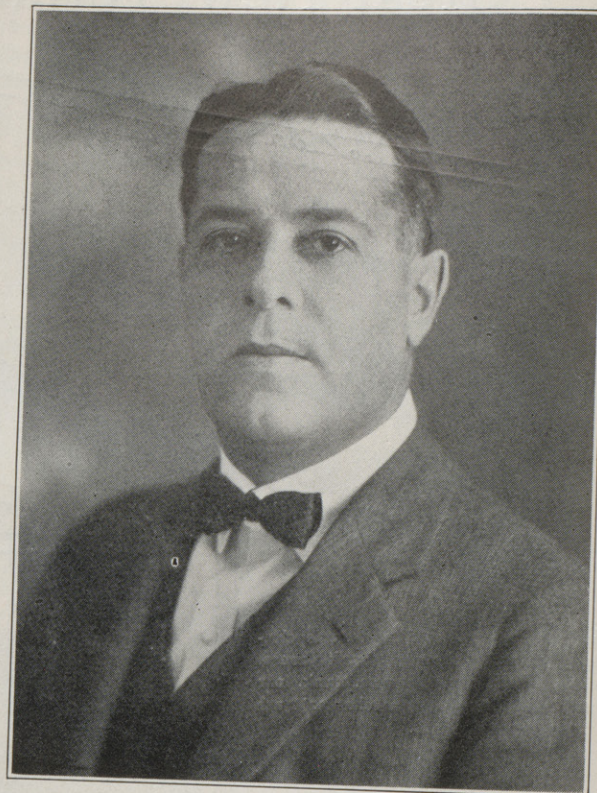
AS individuals, we all know what "all work and no play" did to our old friend "Jack," and as individual grinders on the daily tread-mill of life in our large cities, we have often longed for a something to lift us for a time from the rut we have deepened around the old tread-mill. This "something" is too frequently longed for but never attained, simply because ways and means are not manifest or assistance is not proffered.

Large, medium and minor corporations and business concerns are coming, at least the more progressive ones, to see the truth of the old proverb about "Jack," and with a shrewd eye both to business and the welfare of the employee—although these two are inseparably linked together—are encouraging healthful recreation and relaxation after business hours, for these spell greater and maintained efficiency.

The Management and Officers of the Canadian National Railways from the President, Sir Henry Thornton, down, fully appreciate the value of a healthy, happy employee and have given every encouragement and support to the employees' organization known as the "Canadian National Recreation and Social Club." This club has enrolled something like fifteen hundred members comprised entirely of the forces of the General Offices located on the Island of Montreal, although all employees on the island are eligible for membership in the Montreal District Club. Similar employees' organizations are thriving at other regional points such as Toronto, Winnipeg and Moncton.



"JIM" MENZIES



A. E. STOREY

When the plans of the Canadian National Recreation and Social Club are fully consummated, practically every popular branch of sport, both out-door and in-door, will be thoroughly organized and kept going at "full steam ahead" under capable committees of devotees to each particular department of sport and pastime.

The Management of the National Railways in furtherance of its support to the employees' club and welfare movement has leased to the employees at a nominal rental for a term of years a property comprising over two hundred acres of farm land adjacent to Lachine Station, which, as a playground, can scarcely be surpassed anywhere, and when all the planned improvements are completed will, without doubt, be unequalled. Tennis, golf, quoits, baseball, soccer, lawn-bowling and practically every sport but fishing will be provided for by mid-summer of 1924.

During the past season the outdoor games which claimed the greater interest of the Club members were tennis and quoits. Tennis is a game which in recent years has gathered a very considerable following, but the old-time game of quoits until two years or so ago seems to have suffered a somewhat retrograde movement. However, this may be, there is not the vestige of a doubt that the full revival of quoits, kindred to the "roarin'" game of curling, is at hand, and another season will see the old-timer no longer sorrowfully shaking his head, and saying: "Them was the happy days."

To Mr. Geo. T. Bell, Executive Assistant to Traffic Vice-President is due the greatest credit for giving this game a good send-off. The Encyclopedia Britannica is full of "Bells" who have started something, and they were nearly all of Scottish or North of England stock. Mr. Bell is of Cumbrian descent and comes of a family who excelled in feats of strength and skill. His father, William Bell, twice won the amateur wrestling championship of England before the age of 27 when he migrated to Montreal, where he was well known in many forms of amateur sport, including quoits.

In the following generation Mr. Bell's brother, James S. Bell, now and for some years past the City Treasurer of London, Ont., five times won the Canadian, and three times the International amateur quoiting championship of America, which is believed to be an unsurpassed record. The above photograph of the handsome trophy presented by Mr. Bell to the Club for competition in quoiting is a memorial to his father, to perpetuate the connection of the latter's name with one of the most manly of outdoor pastimes. This trophy when thrice won by the same competitor becomes his property. As a token of championship for each year, Mr. Bell presents the winner with a sterling silver quoit



The Wm. Bell Memorial Trophy for quoiting competition.

which is a replica of the championship emblem won many years ago by his father.

Mr. A. E. ("Bert") Storey, whose photograph appears at the right, is the enthusiastic Chairman of the Quoit Committee and has been just "nosed out" two successive years by the champion for 1922 and 1923, Mr. "Jim" Menzies whose photograph appears to the left.

The ladies of the Club are encouraged to participate in all outdoor games except quoits. When we think of quoits in ladies hands, we think and take warning of the homely flat iron in the hands of the indomitable Maggie and the many misadventures and vicissitudes which have befallen Mr. Jiggs.

MAKING HER MISS HIM

"Is your poor husband dead?" asked the Vicar of an aged member of his flock.

"Oh, no," she replied.

"But you are in mourning," the Vicar continued.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "my old man annoyed me so this afternoon that I went into mourning for my first husband."

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To Boost Canada at Empire Exhibition



Among the many magnificent buildings nearing completion which have been erected to house the British Empire exhibits at Wembley, next year, the Canadian Pacific pavilion is particularly outstanding.

This building is grouped with the Canadian Government Pavilion, with which it has been designed to harmonize. A massive simple entrance, two stories high, deeply recessed with painted and coffered ceiling, richly coloured doors and grilles of Canadian wood, approached by a broad flight of steps flanked on either side by a bronze moose and buffalo, is the centre of a facade enriched with decorated panels and columns. The strong colour scheme of this entrance is emphasized at night by an unique lighting effect.

Five thousand nine hundred square feet of floor space will be provided on the ground floor, and a hall capable of seating three hundred persons is placed above. Lectures will be delivered here, illustrated by moving picture films of more than ordinary interest to the business man, tourist and would-be settler.

The interior decoration has been conceived as a rich background against which will be displayed exhibits showing the many enterprises of the Canadian Pacific — rail — steamship — hotels — colonization — telegraphs — express and other services.

For U.S. President?



When Henry Ford was asked by Montreal reporters if he would run for President of the United States, he said, "I am not running for or against anything", but when asked if he would accept nomination if proffered, the motor car king replied:

"No one knows what they will do from one day to another."

Mr. Ford is here seen in conversation with Mr. Grant Hall, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Windsor Station, Montreal.

LOCOED MULLOY

By E. L.
CHICANOT

MULLOY came to Alberta in the spring of ninety-
nine
To prove up all the tales he'd heard of land
"acrost the line";

He'd dwelt in thirteen different states, and cursed each
one in turn,

One of them was Missouri, which was why he had to
learn.

He set out from Wetaskiwin with the wherewithal to
bake,

And squatted on a homestead on the shore of Pigeon
Lake;

A quarter thick with poplar and the stately tamarac,
And where the rainbow sun went down he built a little
shack.

And there he settled down to chop, and grub, and clear
the land,

Setting out his winter garden in the fertile golden strand,
The waters were his grub stake, satisfied his every wish,
And he dined on teal and mallard; winter diet—frozen
fish.

In the days of spring and summer he strove hard from
morn till night,

Working till the blink of sunset, rising at the dawn of
light,

Cutting down the birch and poplar in their verdant
summer hues,

Hauling the cayuse's fodder from the banks of arid
sloughs.

And so until the snow came, sweated toil filled up his
days,

And left no room for lonesomeness or dreary thoughts
that craze.

He'd sit outside his cabin as the sun set o'er the lake,
And left its glowing colors on the ripples in its wake,

And listen to the mallard call across unto its mate,
Or the loon's harsh mocking laughter, or the jackfish
feeding late,

He visited the Nitchies on the Pigeon's southern shore
Till the tribe was quite contented he was picking him a
squaw.

But when cold winter settled round and snowed him in
his shack,

And he was forced to keep his stove well filled with
tamarac,

The long days pressed upon him, chafed his spirit, smote
his mind,

And set his brain to dwelling on the sweets of human-
kind.

And when his tasks were over he would huddle o'er the
fire,

And dwell upon the life that was, had been, and was up
higher;

The wolves would howl around him, screaming like a
funeral knell,

And the dire days stretched before him like an ever-
lasting hell.

One February morning, after sleeping round the clock,
He rose bedazed and grouchy, donned his overalls and
smock,

Cursing at the fate that led him, railing at his lonely
life,

Longing for some human friendship, almost wishing he'd
a wife;

Then plunged his way through snowdrift with his rope
and water pail,

Down the bank unto the ice-hole in the Pigeon's cup-
like vale,

Where the sun's rays gently shining through a mist
upon the ice,

Made the snow-clad dale to sparkle like a jewelled
paradise.

But as he stood there holding out the pail to his cayuse,
He started, rapped his head, "My God! at last the works
is loose!"

For there, majestic sailing in the middle of the lake,
Was a full four-masted schooner, e'en to ripples in its
wake,

It glided swiftly, lightly, from the east strand to the west,
Then vanished into ether at the tamarac's green crest;

And left the man there staring, rubbing mucous from
his eyes,

And looking as a dog looks on the day before he dies.

Mulloy stood shaking, quaking, with the ague in his
knees.

"It's months since I've had whiskey, so I know it ain't
D.Ts.,

It's all this cursed lonesomeness, it's set my works
a-wrong;

I'm bughouse! it's the looney-home for mine 'fore very
long.

Great suffering cats! but I must keep my head entire
till spring,

When I can hit the Brandon trail and get it in a sling.
I'll sweat, I'll toil, I'll drudge, I'll moil, I'll work to
beat the band,

I'll never think another thought whilst in this hellish
land.

Until the time when spring should come and banish
winter's curse,

He set right out to slave and toil, his malady to nurse.
From the morning's early sunbeams that came nearer
north each day,

Till when he dropped from weariness as setting rays
turned grey,

He tramped on willow snowshoes 'neath the tamaracs'
green wall.

And sped across the lake's white tracts till he could
barely crawl;

He learnt to know the air-holes where the moose and
red deer drank,

And the places where the lynx and wolf keep watch
upon the bank.

He hewed at timber till his limbs rebelled in aching pain,
He rushed through snow to set out traps in many a
hoof-trod lane;

He fished down through the water-hole till moccasins
froze tight,

He toiled each day and strove by moil to ease the mental
blight;

He labored till his muscles were as tired as his brain,
Then sadly mushed back homewards planning morrow's
work amain;

Dined at his evening meal of meagre, solitary food,
Then bed, and earnest striving baneful thinking to
exclude.

Yet the lonesome toil and labor, and the fight 'gainst dreary thought
Seemed powerless 'gainst the havoc winter lonesomeness had wrought.
'Mid the ice glare in the morning, as he filled his water pail,
He saw strange phantom visions—shrunk to nought the icy dale,
A densely peopled city, with its lofty spires held high,
In the night the white-capped Rockies seemed to leap and come up nigh;
And men he'd see, not Indians, but the real white humankind,
That vanished from his brain cells as he frantic rushed behind.

It was in the end of April as the snow began to go,
And Mulloy was worn to skin and bones, a mere phantasmic show,
When a North-West Mounted policeman visiting the Cree reserve,
In a coyote chase upon the lake espied the smoky curve.
He reached the shack by sunset to the lonely man's great fright,
Who had watched in dread the progress of this visitant of night;
But when he'd learnt 'twas flesh and blood his gladness knew no bounds,
He sputtered, stammered—speech became but mere spasmodic sounds.

When suppertime was over and the flapjacks all consumed,
In the light of poplar logs that scarce the little hut illumed,
Mulloy filled a long empty pipe and started on his tale
Of the curse of northern solitude, the toll that winters claim.
"Bughouse!" he cried; "I'm madder yet than any man that's born?
I've seen visions all through winter, on every sunny morn;
There's been cities, boats, and mountains doin' hell stunts on the lake—
It's been D.Ts. for five months' stretch; one blasted big, long snake."

The mounty backed toward the door as he began to speak,
A finger moved a trigger to a most suggestive squeak;
But as Mulloy's dire tale went on, a smile spread o'er his face,
The grin turned into laughter, and the laughter grew apace.
"You poor old cuss," he cried at length, "your cranium is not cracked,
Your visions were no fancies, but a scientific fact,
The visioned things and people, your dire winter's entourage,
Are but the mirrored wonders of a natural mirage."

READY FOR A CHANGE

"I wish," said the little invalid who was being washed in bed, "that I need never, never have to be washed again."

"I'm afraid," said mama gently, "that as long as you have me to take care of you, you'll have to reconcile yourself to be washed thoroughly every day."

The invalid pondered for a moment.

"Then," said she, "I shall marry very early."

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The Teacher's Mental Attitude

By F. H. SPINNEY, in "The Teachers' Magazine"

EDUCATION should be attractive for the teacher's sake, as well as for the pupils' sake; and it should appear particularly attractive to those pupils who may entertain a desire to enter the profession. I once questioned nearly one hundred high school students as to why they were not in training for teaching. Not one mentioned the matter of insufficient salary. A very common answer was: "I haven't enough patience!" Another answer, repeated several times, was to the effect that the graduates disliked the prospect of punishing boys and girls. Many of these graduates had attended schools where the teachers had been conspicuously unhappy, or cruelly severe, and this fact had left on the student's mind a very unfavorable impression of the teacher's vocation. Many causes are assigned for the small percentage of students who choose teaching as a life work, but probably the most potent reason, not always clearly defined in the student's own mind, is that human nature likes a change, and a period of twelve or fourteen consecutive years in the school room, with, possibly, some extremely unpleasant associations, appears to be a sufficiently large part of life to be spent in that way—tending to cultivate a sort of "fed up" sentiment in the mind of the boy or girl who has just graduated. Possibly if children began their formal education at the age of nine years instead of at the age of five, the supply of competent teachers might come within satisfactory distance of meeting the demand.

Let me make it quite clear that by the word "attractive" I do not mean easy. Very frequently the most difficult work is the most attractive. Probably the most unfortunate feature of our large graded schools is that the work is made too easy, and the pupils receive too much assistance, thus lacking the opportunity of cultivating two of the most valuable of all human characteristics, resourcefulness and self-reliance. Also, it is quite likely that our very definite courses of study have the same effect on the teachers—offering them no opportunity or no inducement to make any interesting educational experiments.

The most prevalent defect on the part of the teaching profession in general is a lack of imagination. Possibly people of imagination, like poets, are born, not made. I am very positive that not more than one of the teachers under whom I was educated ever thought it worth while to imagine himself in the pupil's place and to consider how he would relish the kind of treatment that he was inflicting on his pupils. The teachers who punish the most severely, who lecture the most eloquently, and who nag the most persistently, were very likely the blackest sheep in the flock in their own school days. It would have a most beneficial influence on their tempers and on their methods of discipline to keep that fact always clearly outlined before the eyes of their imagination. They might thus be led to cultivate a spirit of sympathy and good nature, without which characteristics a teacher can very frequently make school several degrees worse than a penitentiary.

My first year as a teacher was decidedly unhappy, and consequently was decidedly unsuccessful, for there can be no true success without pleasure in our work. Says Stevenson: "The man who does not find his pleasure in his work will never know what true pleasure

is." I looked eagerly forward to the close of each day and to the numerous holidays which teachers enjoy. I did not look forward to "pay day," as payment was not made until the end of the year, and it was too much of a strain on the eyes to look at a small particle from such a great distance.

The main cause of my failure was that, when I secured my teacher's diploma, I considered my education complete and rated myself as competent to complete the education of all who came to me for instruction. And this same cause has prevented thousands of teachers from attaining the highest degree of success and pleasure in their work.

Luckily for me, the illusion was rudely shattered before the end of the first year. It began to dawn upon my mind, little by little, that my own education had only just begun. I had stored my memory with a vast assortment of useless stuff contained in "text books," but was lamentably ignorant of human nature—on which subject a strict examiner would have marked me O, with one-quarter point off for errors in spelling.

Accordingly, at the beginning of my second year, I devoted a considerable part of the evening to the preparation of the next day's work and a considerable part of the day to a study of the individual pupil. Finally, I correlated these activities and found school life continually more interesting and attractive.

However, there were still two unpleasant features that prevented thorough enjoyment of the work. The first was a tendency to worry over immediate results; the second was the seeming necessity for frequent punishment. Worry over immediate results is a common pedagogical blunder and arises from an attempt to measure all pupils by a common standard. A study of the lives of many prominent men who never had any educational advantages is the most effective cure for this epidemic. That helps us to realize that it is not all of life to "spell" and "cipher."

The boys who attended school in my native village all met with a fair degree of success in life—a few were eminently successful. They attended a miscellaneous school, where eight grades were taught by one teacher. Many of them attended only in the winter. The teaching would be classed as crude according to present standards. There is no doubt that the teachers were perpetually worried over immediate results. In fact, worry was written on their faces. The boys were frequently "kept in," and listened to lectures which pictured the dismal fate which was sure to follow such flagrant neglect of lessons. But the neglect of lessons continued, in spite of the keeping in and frequent warnings. However, there existed in the spiritual nature of those boys a latent spark of ambition, which, after all, is the fundamental essential to success. I think it was Ruskin who said that all we need to do is to teach a boy to read and then turn him loose in the woods. As woods are not everywhere available, I should modify that statement thus: If a boy learns to read and is fanning his spark of ambition into a persistent flame, he is likely to meet with a fair degree of success.

I have dwelt on this topic at some length because I am convinced that teachers can never derive the maximum amount of pleasure from their work, or make

(Continued on page 48)

A Christmassy Sport in the Canadian Rockies

Vol. VII., No. 4



Women members of the Canadian Alpine Club negotiating a drift in the Rockies. The foremost climber is testing for crevices not apparent under the snowy mantle.

Canadian Railroader

(Continued from page 46)

school life enjoyable to the children under their control, so long as the efficiency of their teaching is measured wholly by immediate results.

A worried teacher cannot be cheerful, and cheerfulness is one of the teacher's most valuable assets. In fact, the spirit of the teacher is immeasurably more important than the method. It will be of small concern to the pupil in the years to come whether he has learned subtraction by the Austrian method or the Chinese method—when he subtracts the sum of his rent, his coal bill and his income tax from his yearly salary, the "remainder" is likely to be too insignificant for consideration; but if he can view the calamity with a cheerful smile, he will be a desirable citizen, and good citizenship is the ultimate aim of all educational effort.

The prospect of inflicting punishment almost prevented me from entering the teaching profession and for a long time detracted from the enjoyment of the work. On beginning my fourth year, I decided to eliminate punishment and to establish in the minds of the pupils the idea that to go to school was a privilege, or a pleasure, which a pupil might forfeit temporarily by failure to comply with the requirement of good citizenship in the little world represented by the school. During that term, my faith was not sufficient to make the experiment a complete success. It is difficult for human nature to break away from old methods. Their very age seems to lend them a sanctity which, to a beginner, is too impressive to be lightly violated. Because muscular strength was the teacher's most valuable qualification in the early days, it is very difficult for teachers to realize that the exercise of that faculty may not always be essential. And because a spirit of antagonism between the teacher and the pupils was a common occurrence, it seems necessary that some trace of that spirit should permanently prevail in educational work. There are ruts in every line of human activity, but probably the pedagogical rut is the most confining of them all.

At the beginning of the next term, I was appointed to a high school of three grades, containing about forty pupils. On the opening day I told the pupils frankly that there would be no corporal punishment and no keeping in; that the school was theirs, not mine; that I was not there as a boss or a foreman, but a helper; that we would consider what conditions would be most conducive to harmonious work, and then we would all abide by those conditions. They agreed that whispering was undesirable, that gum chewing should not be allowed, that coming in or going out noisily was unbecoming, that if any pupil was unwilling to comply

with these and a few more mutually beneficial requirements, it would be proper and just to dispense with his society until there was a positive change in his attitude.

A fortnight passed without a jar. It was the most pleasant period of my experience up to that time. Then, one boy violated the covenant by chewing gum and by repeating the offence after receiving a suggestion that he was not living up to an agreement to which he himself was a party. Without showing any sign of anger or impatience, I sent him home with a note to his father asking that the boy be allowed to chew gum until he was thoroughly satisfied. That evening I called at his home to ascertain the father's attitude. I can recall his exact words: "You did just right!" he said emphatically. "Last year the teacher thrashed Ted and he came home full of the Devil, and I had hard work to force him to return. To-day he was very much ashamed—too much ashamed to even chew gum at home; and I'm sure you will have no trouble with him in the future." That prediction proved correct. The boy showed not the least resentment, and he graduated at the end of my three years' service in that school.

During the last five months of my experience as a class teacher, I was not obliged to record a single case of any form of punishment. It was a period of thorough enjoyment of school life. I looked eagerly forward to the beginning of the day and the beginning of the week. The relationship between pupils and teacher was perpetually friendly and delightful. It was my firm conviction that I was engaged in the most attractive occupation in the world. It may not be the most attractive from a financial point of view, but money is useful for what it can buy, and if we can find thorough enjoyment in our work, we do not require to seek expensive forms of entertainment, thus being more fortunate than many millionaires, whose money usually causes them far more worry than pleasure.

The teacher's mental attitude is the most important factor in making school life attractive; and it is possible, by the use of the will power, to modify our mental attitude so as to substantially increase our happiness without any increase in our material possessions. Of course, if a man has lost an arm, he cannot remedy that defect by repeating indefinitely, "Day by day, in every way, I am growing a new arm"; but he may greatly increase his pleasure in his work by dwelling on its many bright spots rather than on its few undesirable features. In the teacher's vocation there are many bright spots, and teachers will reap a sure and immediate reward by forgetting the undesirable features and dwelling persistently on the bright spots in daily thought and conversation.

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The "Newer Freedom" for Labor

("Literary Digest," New York)

THERE is food for thought, not only for labor, but for business and the general public as well, in the recent annual report of the Executive Committee of the American Federation of Labor, if we accept the word of the New York "Herald" and half a dozen other widely read papers scattered throughout the country. "Reduced to simple terms," remarks the Manchester "Union," "the programme outlined at the Portland convention of the Federation calls for entire freedom for labor; it must not be restrained by 'incompetent lawmakers.' As far as the Federation is concerned, it is a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose proposition that the Committee lays before the American people." "Moreover," adds the Wichita "Beacon," "by divesting the report of its camouflage and fair-sounding verbiage, and reading between the lines, one can discover a sinister inner meaning." "It is a curious mixture of sanity and radicalism," agrees the Chicago "Journal of Commerce," while the Boston "News Bureau" does not pretend to understand it at all. According to this financial daily "the report contains some sound doctrine and a good deal of mystifying language. On one hand it seems to advocate private enterprise and less political interference with business, and on the other to favor the establishment of some sort of labor entity that shall be immune from the control of the State." As the Milwaukee "Journal" sums up the document: "The Committee wants less government where the tendency seems inimical to the interests of labor; more government where the tendency seems favorable to labor."

In not a single editorial among scores that come from every State in the Union is the programme of the Executive Committee of the Federation upheld in its entirety. "Yet," as the Boston "Post," observes, "the Gompers' way of changing things is so different from the way of half-crazy Bolsheviks and half-baked 'parlor Reds' that it is refreshing to read about." Organized labor's stand against child labor; against radicals and Communists and their "boring from within" tactics; against the Ku Klux Klan; against a third, or labor, party; for the organization of working-women and the enactment of a minimum wage-law that will be sustained by the Supreme Court; the restriction of immigration; its avowed loyalty to the Government; and its open antagonism to general revolutionary movements among organized workers—all these things are heartily endorsed in the majority of editorials. As the El Paso "Times" puts it:

"We may disagree with many of the planks of the Federation's report, but it is reassuring to know that those who drew them for the most part realize the questions facing them are economic ones—not to be cured by Sovietism, ultra socialism and the like. They place their faith in the fact that the social struggle can be worked out through the agency of American institutions by Americans who, however conflicting their interests seem to be, remain Americans."

"The Federation remains an essentially American organization, with an eye to the principles on which it was founded, and refuses to let its aims be prostituted by socialism and all of the other isms which have gained such a hold on European countries."

The salient point in the Executive Committee's report appears to be the following:

"The threat of State invasion of industrial life is real. Powerful groups of earnest and sincere persons constantly seek the extension of State suzerainty over purely industrial fields. Such ignorant encroachments as the Esch-Cummins Act and the Kansas Industrial Court are examples of what all industry has to fear."

"The continued clamoring for extension of State regulatory powers under the guise of reform and deliverance from evil, can but lead into greater confusion and more hopeless entanglements."

"We must find the way to the development of an industrial franchise comparable to our political franchise. Labor stands ready for participation in this tremendous development. It has long offered conference as a substitute for conflict, resorting to the folding of arms in idleness only as the last resort."

It is "refreshing" to the Providence "Journal" "to see this influential group of labor leaders uttering such essentially sound doctrine as this." Continues this paper:

"The Federation's report contains much that every good American can heartily endorse. 'The largest freedom of action, the freest play of individual initiative and genius in industry,' says this document, 'can not be had under the shadow of constant incompetent political interference, meddlesomeness and restriction.' To that statement there will be hardly any intelligent exception. There is too much Government in business, and it is time to call a halt."

"It has frequently been pointed out in these columns, as elsewhere, that the railroad business has suffered from over-regulation at the hands both of Congress and of our forty-eight Legislatures, and there can be no doubt that the current proposal to put the coal industry under the supervision of a division of the Interstate Commerce Commission will fail to arouse public enthusiasm."

"It only remains for the trades unionists to live up to the implications contained in the report," points out the Brooklyn "Eagle," which reminds us that "the Federation was never stronger than it is at present, and it was never more conservative." Finally, observes the New York "Herald":

"Employers may not like union methods and aims when they meet them in the conduct of their own businesses. Nevertheless, in the long run they must find them preferable to State control."

But State control does not seem to hold any terrors for the great majority of editors. "Some constructive thought in the realm of political theory, a liberal sentiment carefully dressed to avoid the stigma of radicalism, and a number of vague and contradictory suggestions to organized labor" are found in the Baltimore "Sun's" analysis of the report. But the part of the document recommending "industrial democracy," with an industrial franchise "comparable to our political franchise," is the new and outstanding feature of the Federation's programme. "For the most part," notes the St. Paul "Pioneer Press," "the report consists of a warning against the disposition of the State to invade industry, which is to be interpreted that labor is strongly opposed to so-called laws regulatory of industry." Continues this paper:

"But the power of the State wielded in the form of law, repugnant as it is when opposed to what the Execu-

tive Committee conceives to be the interest of organized labor, becomes a beneficent invasion when it is in the direction of what so-called industry wants. For example, all of the latter half of the Executive Committee's report is devoted to reciting the demands of the Federation in the form of law. It wants a child labor law and it wants a law which will abridge the power of the Supreme Court to protect individual rights against legislative encroachment. It demands 'legislation favorable to labor' with no mincing of words, including in the category a further restriction of immigration to tighten the labor market. In short, the report is strongly opposed to regulatory law that it does not want, and clamorous for the kind of regulatory law which makes for its advantage."

To the Memphis "Commercial Appeal" the Federation's programme may be compared to that of the farm bloc, the isolationist bloc, or the radial bloc—a political party formed for the sole purpose of serving a certain group. Instead of being representative of all the people, the Memphis paper points out, we are to have, under the Federation plan, a new bloc representing a certain section of the population. Moreover, "if we are to have a government by groups, the interests of the general public must suffer." Continuing along this line, the Kansas City "Star" says:

"If there is to be an extension of bloc legislation, the outlook is not encouraging. Since the Adamson Law was enacted, in which Congress was intimidated and coerced against its will, there has been a lively assertion of other classes to 'get what they want.' That is why the bloc system of legislation is vicious, and should not be extended. Laws should be made for all, not a class."

And the New York "Commercial" says of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor:

"He is the head of a great machine which, while small in numbers as compared with the total population of the United States, yet wields a remarkable power because of the methods of force, violence, intimidation, and acts of terrorism employed. Gompers wears, where all can see it, the robe of purity and Americanism, but what is underneath? He has been just as pronounced in his preachments against this Government as has Foster. He has denounced the courts and urged strikers not to obey injunctions. Foster, using the methods of a dictator, would proceed to secure control of industries by a revolution; Gompers, using the methods of a dictator, employs the clever system of going to the people with false statements, half-told truths, and inducing the people to turn over industries to his tender mercy without such a revolution."

"If Mr. Gompers sincerely wishes to promote 'the largest freedom of action,' let him clean house in his own organization," suggests the Chicago "Journal of Commerce." And it goes on:

"The Federation is under no necessity to roam far afield if it wishes to remove some evil that checks the largest freedom of action and the freest play for individual initiative. Under the check-off in the mine industry, for example, the individual miner is deprived of one of his most essential liberties—the liberty to draw the full pay which his labor has earned. It is notorious that the miner is a puppet in the hands of union politicians. If he attempts to act as a free man, he is robbed of the opportunity to earn a living."

It is the Wichita "Beacon," however, which, after a close examination of the Executive Committee's report, finds such expressions as these:

"Henceforth the movement of organization of the workers into trade unions has a deeper meaning than mere organization of groups for advancement of group

interests. Henceforth the organization of the workers into trade unions must mean . . . the rescue of industry also from the domination of incompetent political parties.

"The largest freedom of action, the freest play for individual initiative and genius in industry can not be had under the shadow of constant incompetent *political* interference, meddlesomeness and restriction. . . . The threat of *State invasion of industrial life* is real."

"It must make Trotzky and other disciples of Karl Marx chuckle to see such an utterance in the annals of the American Federation of Labor, which has continually claimed to oppose stoutly the doctrines of the philosophical radicals.

"The passages which are in *italics* are buried cunningly in the midst of fair phrases about 'industrial freedom,' the 'enfranchisement of the producers,' etc., but they voice the precise aims of Karl Marx, who held that political government must go and must be superseded by an economic government. Political government, in the sense used by Marx, means government by the general vote of the people. Economic government means government by the workers alone—assuming that some way can be devised of telling who are workers and who are not.

"The report specifically denounces a number of legislative measures devised to regulate industrial relations because, it is held, the State has no right to interfere in such matters.

"The general implication of the whole utterance is that the State should have no power to protect the people against strikes or other industrial disorders, that the labor unions shall completely control all the activities in which they are interested, no matter if those activities seriously interfere with the lives and welfare of the people at large. This is the conflict between the economic state and the political state. The economic state, in its broad sense, includes both capital and labor. It has to do entirely with production. It does not include the general public.

"The political state represents all the people, voting as individuals and with equal rights. This is 'inadequate' according to the report, for it permits the general public to have something to say about how capital and labor conduct their affairs.

"In the American system of government there can be no such thing as a 'purely industrial field' or a 'purely capitalistic field.' The very life of the Republic depends upon the supremacy of the State over all fields and activities, especially in so far as those activities are likely to cause suffering or distress to the people at large."

As George W. Hinman writes in the New York "American":

"What would be the consequence of industrial democracy? In the writer's opinion, it would be business chaos. Democracy means equality. Industrial democracy means industrial equality. Factory democracy means equality in the factory.

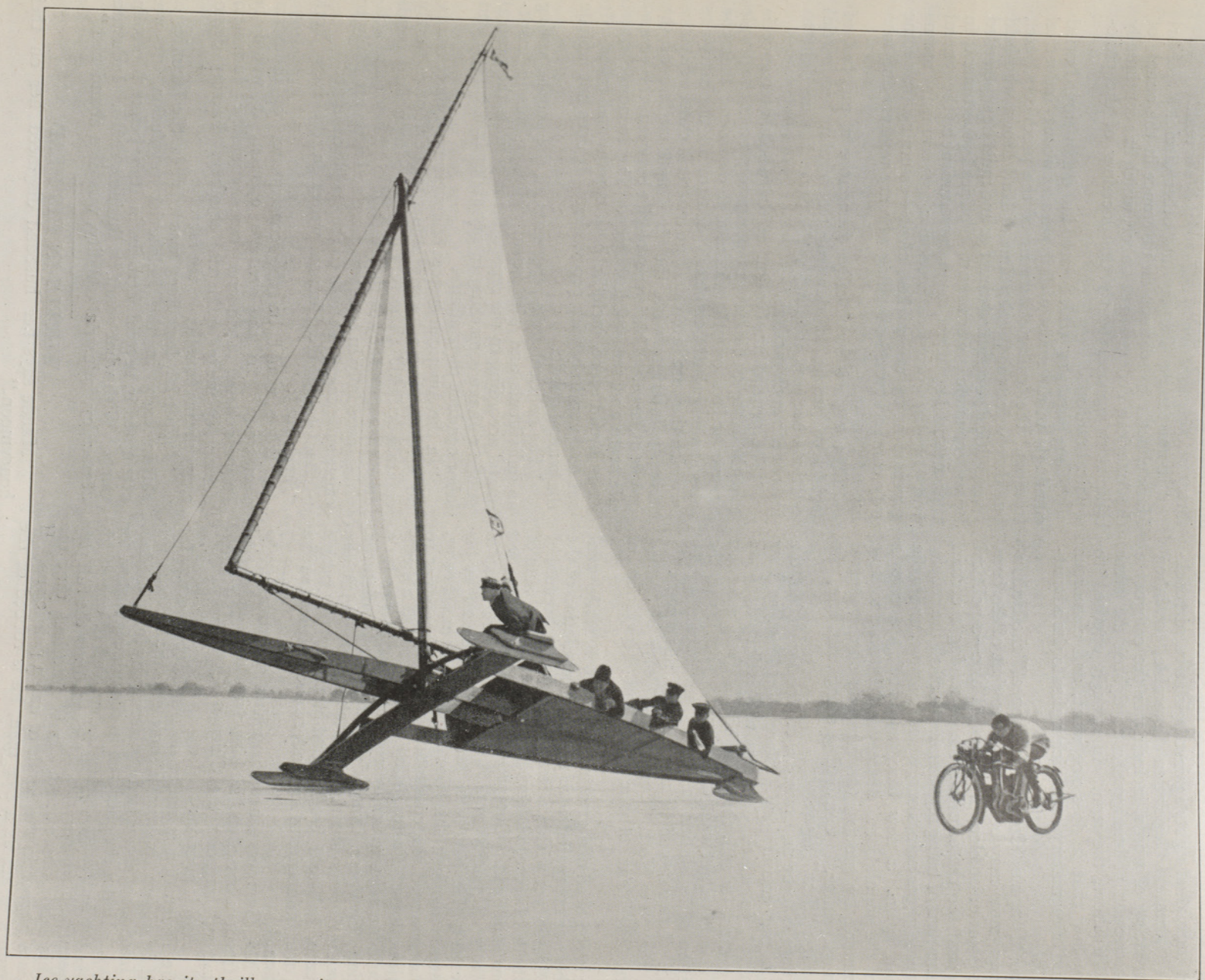
"Industrial democracy was tried in the factories of Russia early in the Bolshevik revolution. It was attempted in several factories in Italy before Mussolini came. With what result? Business chaos. Industrial democracy, industrial equality, was then abandoned."

WHEELS IN HIS HEAD

"Maude says her husband disgraced her on their honeymoon."

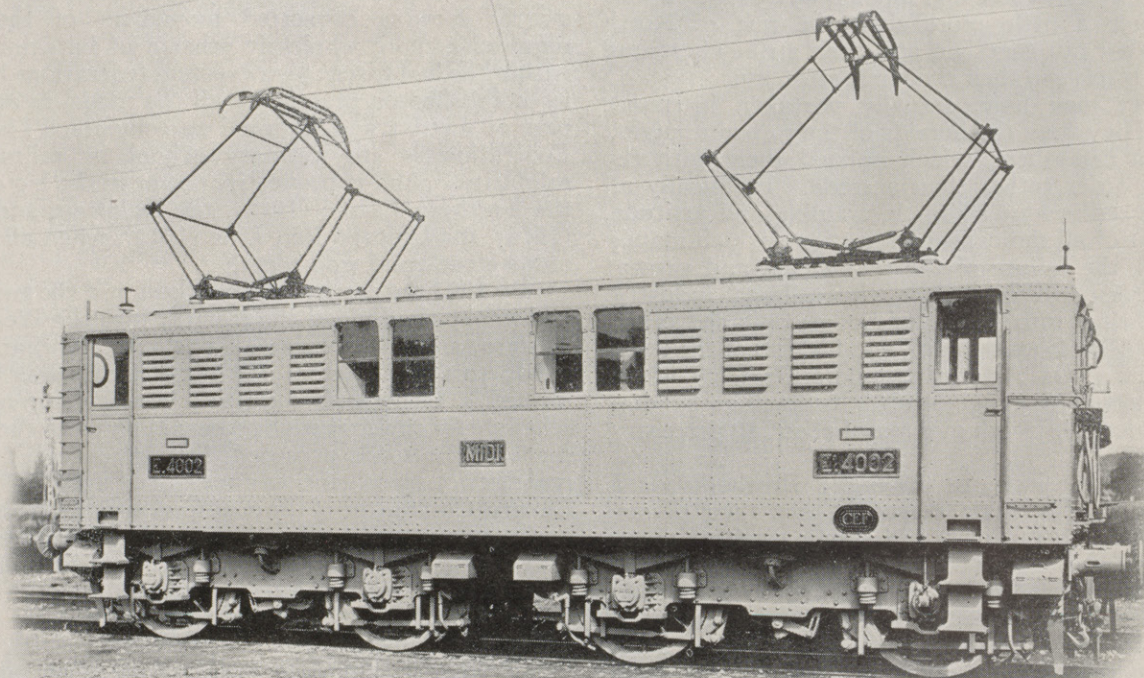
"How?"

"On the steamer she wanted the other passengers to think an ocean trip was an old story to them, but almost as soon as they went on board he pointed to a row of lifebuoys and asked the captain what was the idea of all the extra tires."



Ice-yachting has its thrills, as witness the photograph with the ice-yacht in a perilous position,—though it does not seem to be worrying the occupants. A speed of 75 miles an hour is not uncommon in this lively sport.

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Railroad Labor Amalgamation

(From the New Republic, New York)

I. Backgrounds

IT is significant to realize that the four train service brotherhoods began primarily as mutual insurance and benefit associations. For years they have been our leading craft-bourgeoisie, whose fiduciary caution has ever tended to modify their labor consciousness. To-day these four unions pay out in pensions and insurance a little more than the rest of North American labor put together, and their strike chests are an ominous reserve in their economic strategy.

The older men have actually partaken in empire building. They were the heralds of the romantic period in American capitalism, which imbued them with the spirit of an order rather than a trade. Practically all of them are indigenous by birth, training and attitude, and innocent of all radical sophistication—which mainly accounts for the failure of the many past and present dual syndicalist movements in the railroad industry. Every mail brings into the Grand Lodges opinions, criticisms and requests from the rank and file, full of the sentiments of the great American middle class, to whose colleges the locomotive engineers, for instance, are sending the almost incredibly high average of about 80 percent of their children.

Still, the liveliest issue in these Big Brotherhoods is amalgamation. The main reason is that their pivotal position renders them slowly but surely sensitive to the preconscious trend of our entire labor movement, which nowadays undoubtedly is feeling towards greater syndication. But for the same reason the amalgamation movement in these "aristocratic" unions is far more genetic than rebellious, though naturally the post-war reaction, the pressure of "militant" radicalism, and a weak federal policy are all serving to accelerate it. Hence without a brief historic retrospect the present drift is quite incomprehensible.

Partly because the unprotected job is a poor insurance risk, the transportation brotherhoods gradually began to develop union protection. From the start the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers (1863) and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen (1883) assumed some elementary trade union functions. But the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen did no collective bargaining until 1885, thirteen years after its foundation, while the Order of Railway Conductors was a non-strike agency from 1868 to 1890, when the anti-strike clause was repealed and the Order became definitely committed to trade unionism. But these very probationary tactics among such closely associated workers only served to educate the co-operative spirit. The train crews work under identical conditions for the same employer. They "live together, die together," and are bound by a highly integrant, dangerous, responsible and oddly fascinating service. The fireman hopes to become an engineer and the trainman a conductor, while many of the older men retain their memberships in the junior organizations to save their policies. Now almost 40,000 engineers belong to the firemen and about 26,000 conductors to the trainmen. And these "double headers" are such a strong interlocking influence that they cannot serve either as officers or delegates.

Obviously federation seemed natural very early. And in 1889 the conductors, the trainmen, the firemen and the switchmen and telegraphers federated into the

United Order of Railway Employees. Official factions disrupted the alliance three years later. But from its ruins grew the System Federation, under which the workers dealt with an entire road. This procedure was officially adopted by the four Big Brotherhoods and the switchmen and telegraphers in 1893 as the Cedar Rapids Plan, which lasted only four years because the far more swiftly growing concerted movement of the carriers required a more wholesale scheme of bargaining. But within the last fifteen years system federations have been re-established on practically all the roads, as an integral part of district and national agreements. The System Federation is the primary school in railroad labor solidarity. And it proved its power in the big strikes on the Southern Pacific (1913), the Delaware and Hudson (1914), the Chicago Belt Line (1915), when all the train crews struck and won together.

By 1902 the carriers, the workers and the government had implicitly divided the country into the Western, the Eastern, and the Southern Divisions. In that year the conductors and the trainmen met in Kansas City and formed a General Committee, which drew up a rate schedule for simultaneous presentation to all the Western roads. The roads accepted, but separately. The first real district agreement was not signed until 1906, when a General Committee of the engineers and the firemen made one contract with all the Western companies. After that district agreements spread rapidly and by 1913 they became the prevalent mode of bargaining.

In 1913 the engineers and the firemen federated under the Chicago Joint Agreement, which adroitly binds them without the least infringement upon their really differential interests. Five years later, Warren S. Stone, the Grand Chief Engineer and leader of Fabian amalgamation, was able to carry an extremely important amendment to this Agreement, which directed the Grand Lodges of both organizations to study the advisability of their merger. In 1919 the conductors and the trainmen perfected the Cleveland Compact into a similarly mutual document, but scrupulously avoided any consolidating implications. Mr. Lee, President of the trainmen, is the strongest and ablest enemy of amalgamation.

Soon after their victory on the Chicago Belt Line in 1915 all four brotherhoods somewhat strengthened their Co-operative Agreement, which is now in force. But the Agreement displays such a discreet and timorous respect for separateness as to practically nullify its associative value. In 1916 the four organizations acted as a unit in securing the passage of the Adamson law. But since then the ever sharpening hostility between Mr. Stone and Mr. Lee on the amalgamation issue has weakened all sense of solidarity between the leaders of the two cab and the two car organizations. Now, these two men are in open and rather acrid opposition. And since last December Mr. Stone and Mr. Robertson of the firemen have been overtly supporting the Switchmen's Union of North America in its partially rival organization campaign against the trainmen.

But the switchmen are in their history and position far closer to the clerks, telegraphers, signalmen, stationary firemen and engineers and the maintenance of way men. Before the war all these miscellaneous unions had practically no organizations on the roads; but the war

stimulated them into a pituitary growth, whose organic instability has been tragically evident of late. From small section-bargaining organizations they swelled into huge amorphous bodies with national agreements. Of course the open shop reaction hit them especially hard. But their very weakness predisposes them towards industrial unionism, and two of them actually voted for it in their last national conventions.

The six shop crafts are the machinists, blacksmiths, boilermakers, carmen, electricians and sheet metal workers. They are organized as the Railway Employees Department of the A. F. of L. Their strategic position is far from being commensurate with their skill, partly because the general labor market is always more or less inflated with unorganized workers in these trades, but mainly because their international unions do not permit this Department to become a clearing house of policy but merely of routine. Mr. Jewell, at its head, is simply the executive director of a board of international union officials, whose primary interest is to preserve the craft pharisaism of the A. F. of L. Sanhedrin. The evanescence of their present strike is as much due to this spirit of internal separatism as to the uncertain moral support of the Big Four. It was always the rank and file in these unions which has pressed for more cohesive tactics ever since they began to spread throughout the country in 1905. Since then they have fought innumerable strikes with matchless heroism. From September, 1911, to January, 1915, they were on strike on the twelve roads of the gigantic Harriman-Illinois Central system. The issue was federation. The strike was lost for much the same reasons that the present strike is fading. But during those forty-five months the crafts managed to impair equipment to a degree which permitted them during the next half a dozen years to develop the System Federation movement, though the struggle weakened them too much for district or national agreements. Nowadays the storm and stress of the shopmen is being somewhat appeased by their prominent position in all those national economic and political progressive movements of which railroad labor is the vanguard.

From this brief sketch of the concerted movements in the world of railroad labor it is clear that in the last third of a century it has made enormous associative progress. Since the war, reactionary publicity has attributed to this development an almost revolutionary meaning. No doubt the increased responsibility and parliamentary experience which labor acquired in this process tended to substitute for its earlier inarticulateness and often petty and frivolous restiveness a deeper sense of our political economy. But this new and still very naive social philosophy is rather anti-revolutionary in its belief that the fundamental interests of labor are protective of the commonwealth against the competitive interests of the roads.

And this faith has grown with the industrial determinism which is at present gripping modern society. When the Eastern Engineers' Arbitration Commission found that the New York Central, the New Haven, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Reading and Erie controlled directly over 80 percent of the entire Eastern mileage, the engineers and the firemen signed the Chicago Joint Agreement. And the present amalgamation movement is primarily the response to the open shop drive upon the miscellaneous and repair crafts.

II. The Drift Toward Amalgamation

Eight months after America entered the war the Government had to take over the railroads. The war demanded the temporary suspension of "economic Calvinism" to meet economic realities. In this obligatory revaluation labor came considerably into its own.

The Railroad Administration recognized its right to organize, and in a series of raises it tried to bring its median average income within sight of the ever rising subsistence cost of living. Moreover labor realized that only public effort could ever meet the vastly intricate and voluminous traffic of the organic state. Ownership bitterly resented this graphic illustration of its menacing irrelevance in critical days, and it began a Creel-like propaganda against federal inefficiency.

The readers of the Saturday Evening Post were moved to sympathetic risibility by Mr. Irvin Cobb's dyspeptic ventures on federal diners, while the daily press pointed more gravely the moral lesson that "human nature" demands competitive transportation. Professor Sharfman, the distinguished railroad economist at the University of Michigan, shows how unsound and unfair most of these criticisms were. After the armistice and the return of the roads to private operation this propaganda finally summated in the Esch-Cummins bill, which gave to the carriers \$500,000,000 and established the Railroad Labor Board, whose gradual, semi-conscious nullification of labor's wartime gains I described in the "New Republic" of July 5, 1922.

The half decade from 1917 to 1922 had an awakening influence on the railroad workers, which the open shop crusades of 1919 to 1921 only served to render more conscious. In 1919 all the sixteen railroad unions endorsed and endowed the Plumb-Plan League, whose somewhat doctrinaire guild-socialist scheme is now proving rather innocuous. At present these unions, with the exception of the trainmen, are financing and actually reading their national weekly, Labor, an unusually intelligent journal of fact and opinion. And they also form the backbone, again with the significant exception of the trainmen, of the Conference for Progressive Poli-



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MONTREAL

On the Way to the Jumps



The three ski enthusiasts have just set out on their run and the jumps are looming ahead. Note the different expressions of the trio, who are travelling at greater speed than the photograph would seem to indicate.

tical Action. But nothing has brought the amalgamation issue to the fore as much as the reactionary antics of the Railroad Labor Board, whose description of the living wage as "mellifluous phraseology" excellently defines the spirit of its wage decisions in 1922.

In a recent magazine article Mr. Ben W. Hooper, chairman of the Railroad Labor Board, asks: "In case of a general strike comprising all classes of railway employees, what chance would there be to recruit a new force, competent in skill and adequate in numbers to keep traffic going?" This, in a nut shell, is the rhetorical question of the friends as well as enemies of industrial unionism on the railroads. And it has been put dramatically by the shopmen's strike.

The strike began last July 1st. By the middle of August it had rendered traffic so dangerous that the train service brotherhoods were forced to offer mediation. The engineers, the firemen, and the switchmen were warned by their officers to abstain punctiliously from all repair work and to run no trains which in their judgment were in the least defective. For a day or two the situation looked ominous. However, Mr. Lee of the trainmen resolutely kept the strike within craft limits, which the carriers skilfully exploited. But the withering strike is inversely inflaming labor consciousness, and in this turbulent agitation we can discern the colors of spectrum, from Mr. Foster's fraternal crimson to Mr. Lee's royal blue.

Foster is the leader of "militant," centrifugal industrial unionism. He is a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen. About a year ago he organized the Trade Union Educational League, whose only program is to "bore from within" the standard union towards their fusion. He is a man of remarkably "complex naïveté" in his unusual gift of translating a rich, disciplined and vital scholarship in labor economics into simple epitomes and slogans. And his efficient zeal irradiates his doctrine into practically every railroad local in this country and in Canada. Last December 9th and 10th, some four hundred delegates from all the road unions met in Chicago under the auspices of the Trade Union Educational League to consider the amalgamation plan of the Minnesota Railroad Shop Crafts Legislative Committee. The convention adopted this plan which is modeled somewhat after the British National Union of Railwaymen. It works out in detail the government of the proposed industrial union and persuasively disposes of all possible objections.

But there is a touch of Bellamy perfection about this scheme, which in view of the official attitude of the Big Four and the shop crafts, eliminates it from the sphere of Realpolitik. On the other hand, there is little doubt that Foster's work has had an accelerating influence upon the sense of solidarity of railroad labor in general and of the miscellaneous unions in particular. The clerks and the maintenance men voted for amalgamation at their last conventions, and the other four miscellaneous unions are extremely sympathetic to it. And amalgamation was also the central issue at the convention of the shop crafts, where it was defeated only after the most strenuous efforts of the international officers.

The liberal in this movement is Mr. Stone. In theory he has declared himself for amalgamation. But in his position he must temper the ideal with the potential. In 1922 he personally visited the national conventions of the firemen, the trainmen and the conductors, where he spoke in favor of closer affiliation, progressive political action, recognition of Russia, support of the weekly, Labor, and especially for consumers' and banking co-

operation. He is continuously using his powerful influence with the other railroad unions in the same direction. He is not especially worried about the radicals, whose influence he is skilfully exploiting in his sincere Kulturkampf in the four Big Brotherhoods. His uncommon business sense enables him to apply with great success his theory that labor should trespass upon capital not by revolution but by permeation. Hence the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' banks, skyscrapers and coal mines. His immediate interest is the amalgamation of the two engine services. In accordance with the provision of the amended Chicago Joint Agreement these two organizations met during the first two weeks of last December and worked out the proposed scheme of merger. This scheme is enormously detailed in its settlement of differentials in dues, insurance, benefits and seniority, with nice regard to the customs and traditions of the respective trades. It is to be submitted to their next conventions and then to both memberships for referendum, and chances are that it will pass.

The arch anti-amalgamationist is Mr. Lee, a thundering Thor, who is fighting a losing battle with a fatally growing vindictiveness. "I was with Debs in 1893. I have learned a thing or two since then." In his struggle to keep railroad labor within the most autonomous craft limits, he would unwittingly retrace the whole long and uphill road of the concerted movements in the industry. Recently he persuaded Mr. Sheppard of the conductors to join him in signing a series of contracts with the Eastern carriers without even notifying the two engine crafts, which certainly violated the spirit if not the letter of their Co-operative Agreement. This attitude is bound to undermine even his entrenched position. And, indeed, he recently accepted the presidency of a new air brake manufacturing concern. "When our organization gets in full operation, I will most likely resign my present position," he told the press. Every inch a fighter, but looking backward in a forward pressing age!

The carriers as well as the government are now busy at the well-nigh interminable task of evaluating the railroad properties: for eventual bargaining? And meantime the railroad workers are confusedly but surely perfecting their cohesion, so that when they enter the inevitable federal service they will do so under a commission form of government on which they are represented and not as the wage slaves of a cabinet department.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG.

Editor: "Mary! Please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?"

Mary: "Why, sir, you are sitting on it!"

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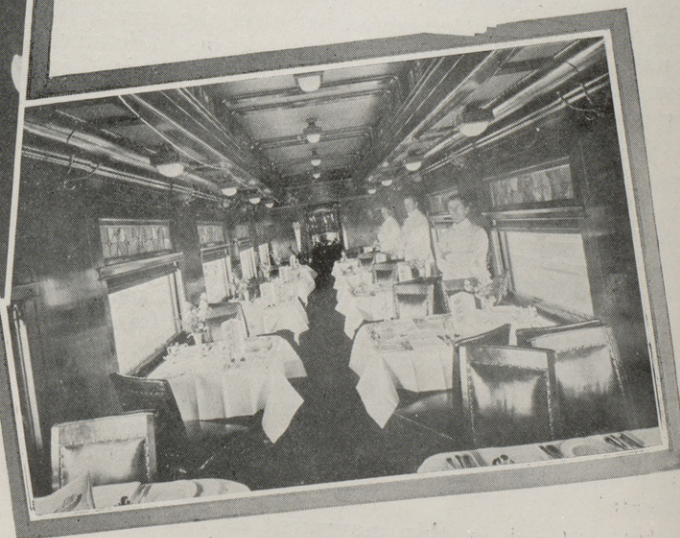
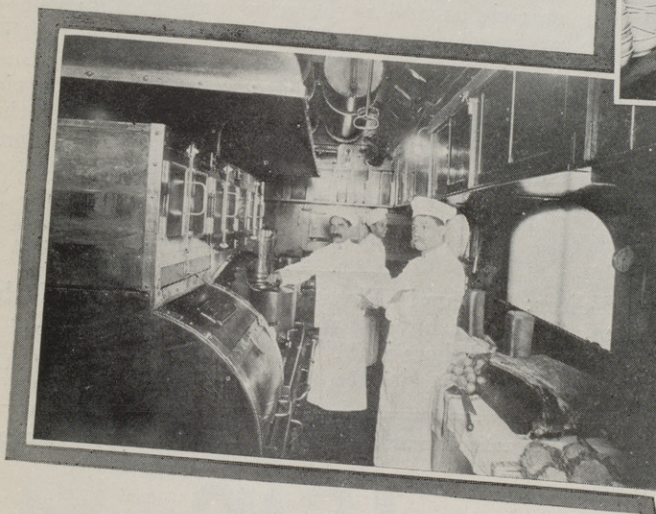
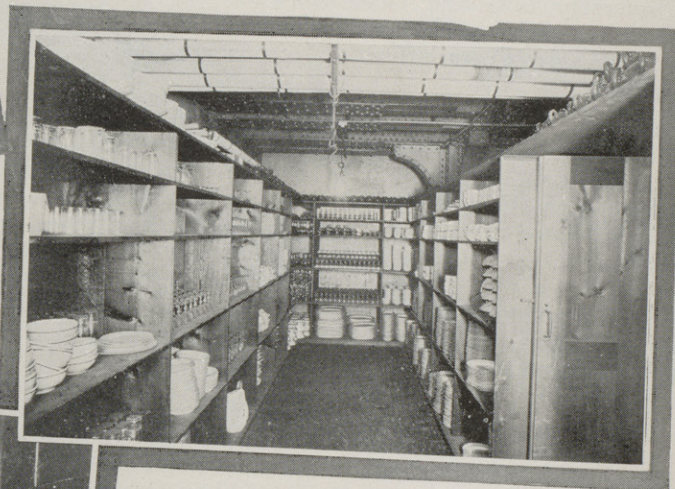
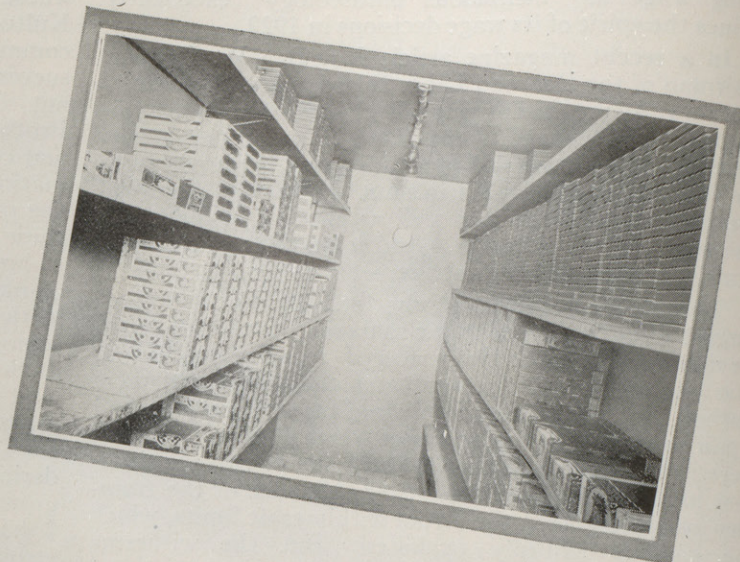
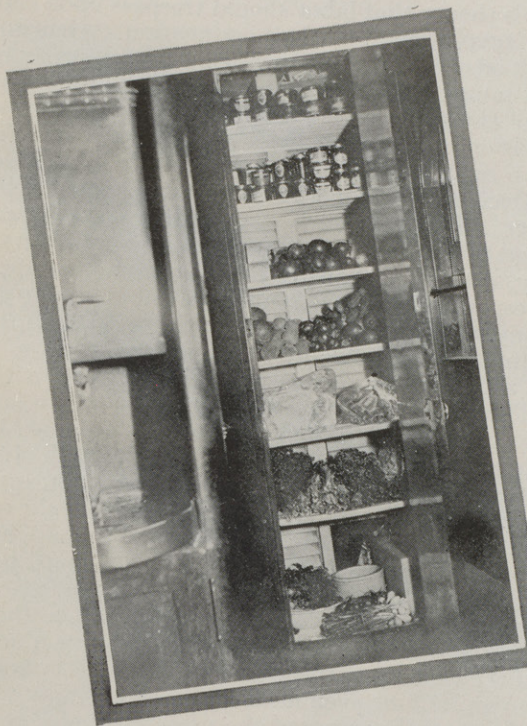
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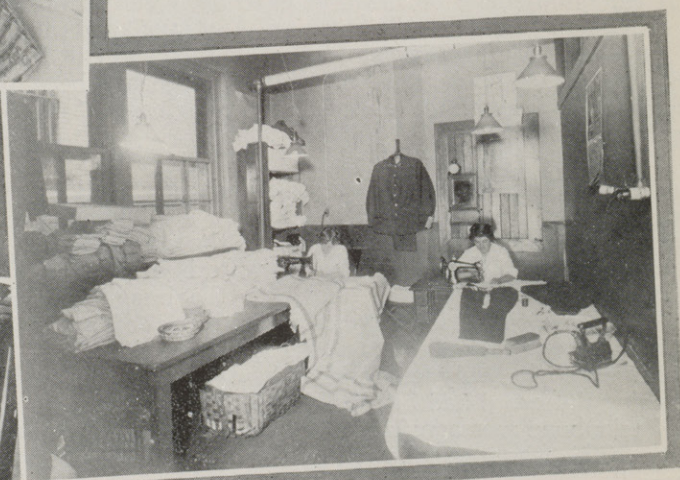
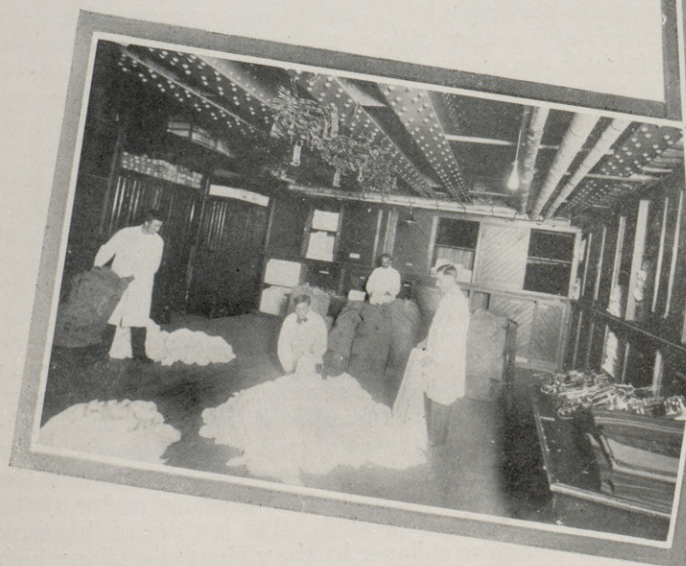
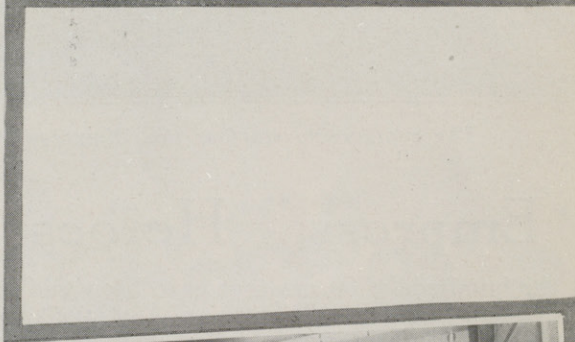
How Two Million People a —



These pictures show some of the rooms in the commissary department of the Canadian National Railways. Here the supplies are kept, and they have to be large for the Dining Car Department of the Canadian National Railways serves more than two million people a year with meals.

*Upper right—Part of the cigar and cigarette humidor.
Centre left—Inside view of a dining car refrigerator.
Centre right—The china and glassware room.
Lower left—Typical kitchen in a dining car.
Lower right—Interior of a dining car with its crew.*

Year are Fed on the C.N.R



Intimate views showing a part of the machinery necessary to look after the traveller's wants on the Canadian National trains.

Upper left—Fruit compartment in one of the cold storage store rooms.

Upper right—Where vegetables are kept in finest condition in another compartment of the cold storage commissary store rooms.

Centre left—Meat cold storage rooms in the Commissary Department.

Centre right—A glimpse of the mending, repairing and pressing room.

Lower left—Sorting used linen for repair and discard before it is passed on to the laundry department.



The engineering staff of the "Empress of Australia," with Chief Engineer David Smith in centre.

"Empress" Heroes of the Japanese Disaster

IN the hundreds of stories that have been told of the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Empress of Australia" and the part she played during and following the great earthquake in Japan on September 1, 1923, little has been said of the gallant service rendered by the engineers of the great liner.

To the Captain and officers on the bridge and the various members of the ship's staff and crew working above decks the awfulness of the disaster at Yokohama became an immediate realization. To the engineers at their posts twenty-five feet below the waterline its uncertainty presented a menace on which the imagination might run riot. The violent vibration and series of shocks experienced in the engine room at the time of the earthquake were the only evidences these men had that anything untoward had happened. A moment later the brief telephone message from the bridge told the awful story. This was soon followed by the order "Full speed astern."

The engine room report of the voyage tells the story. All was in readiness for the departure from Yokohama when the earthquake occurred. When ordered to go astern it was discovered that the anchor cable of the S.S. "Steel Navigator," which was berthed behind the "Empress of Australia," had been fouled of the latter's port propeller, with the result that it was impossible to move that engine. The fact that in the Föttinger hydraulic system of construction, which is the "Australia" method of propulsion, there is no metallic bond between the propeller shaft and the rotor shaft, prevented damage to the engine since the stoppage caused by the entanglement of the cable around the propeller was taken care of by slippage in the transformer casing.

The result was that when the 75 fathoms of two-and-a-quarter inch chain cable were removed from the port propeller the following Tuesday it was found that the obstruction had caused no damage to the port engine.

During the various manœuvres of the "Empress of Australia" on Saturday and Sunday in backing away from the burning wharf, in the thrilling escape from the onrush of burning oil on the water and her eventual safe anchorage with the assistance of the Dutch tanker, "Iris," beyond the breakwater on Sunday night, everything in the engineering department worked in a thoroughly efficient manner.

Throughout this terrible nightmare the entire staff of the engine room stood by and the normalcy of its discipline and routine was not disturbed. Engineers not on duty below took part in the relief work above decks or joined rescue parties which plied from shore to ship with their burdens of refugees.

Stories could be told of the silent heroism of every one of these men and of spectacular instances of bravery in which they played gallant roles. Second Engineer, Mr. George Donovan, immediately following the earthquake, was sent by the chief engineer to ascertain the damage sustained by the firefoam tank situated on the boat deck, and on which the protection from fire of the ship's fuel oil tanks depended. The bottom of this tank had been caused to collapse by the violent vibration which was responsible for the loss of nearly all the fire foam charge. Although his clothes caught fire from flying sparks, Engineer Donovan remained to effect sufficient repairs to save one third of the charge.

Almost the entire wardrobes of the engineers were distributed among the refugees. Chief Engineer, Mr.

David Smith, arrived in Vancouver sockless and practically all the B.V.D.'s given to the refugees were donated by the unassuming engineers. Mr. Smith is an old employee of the Canadian Pacific Steamships, having joined the S.S. "Empress of Japan" twenty years ago. Mr. Harry White, veteran boiler maker of the S.S. "Empress of Australia" has been in the Company's service twenty-seven years and, although a great many others of the Engineering Department came to the "Empress of Australia" from the Atlantic service of the Canadian Pacific Steamships, a large number are Old Country men who joined the ship when she left Liverpool for Vancouver in the summer of 1922.

The Chinese crew of the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Empress of Australia" behaved gallantly during the earthquake and their devotion to duty during the days that followed when the big liner stood by as a refuge for almost 4,000 souls won for them the sincere praise and admiration of their commanding officer, the ship's staff

and passengers, and the undying gratitude of the rescued.

During the ship's subsequent passage to Vancouver a fund on behalf of these boys was started and the sum of \$1,000 raised. Of this amount 75% was immediately turned back by the Chinese to the Japanese disaster fund, and the balance sent to China to be used in a big joss service of thanksgiving.

We Pui, Number One Boy of the "Empress" shown in the photograph on the companion way and wearing a small black and white button on his coat, gave \$200 of his own money towards the relief of suffering Japan.

On the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Empress of Canada" which carried hundreds of refugees from the earthquake area to Kobe, Shanghai and Hongkong, the Chinese crew put on a charity play for the 362 Chinese among the rescued and when these left the ship each one had the sum of \$12 in his possession. Touching letters of gratitude were received from these people by Captain Bailey.



Chinese members of the crew of the "Empress of Australia."

NO CHANCE FOR DIANA

The movies look to all sorts of sources for their material and there have been diggings in many strange fields. One talented young writer thought of trying out mythology. So he went to his general manager with the story of Diana.

The general manager viewed with some interest the illustration presented.

"Who is she?"

"Diana, goddess of the chase."

"Well, she's a pretty fair looker, but we ain't making any more chase pictures."

THE BAD LANDS

A Leelanau County Indian barely escaped with his life when attacked by hold-up men on a visit to Chicago. The Indian cannot be too strongly urged, nowadays, not to venture too far away from civilization.

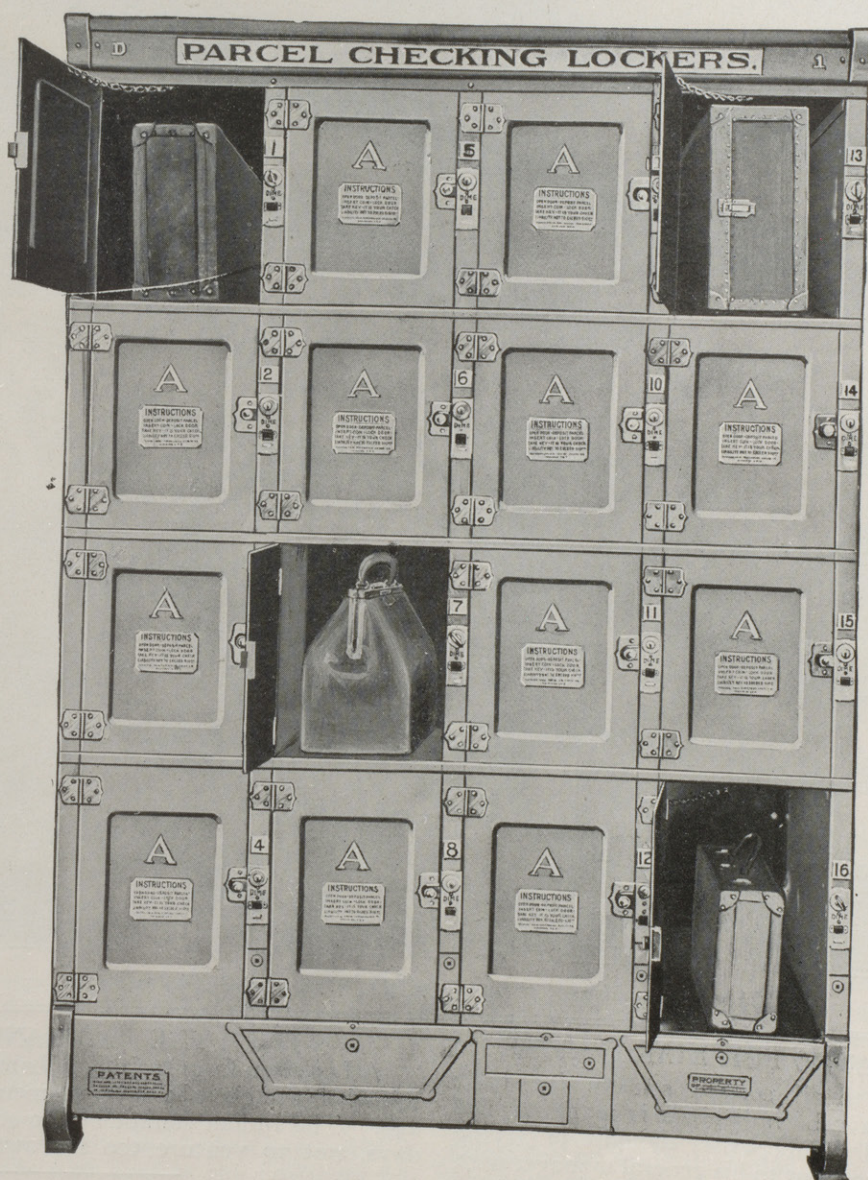
QUITE SIMPLE

Pretty Customer—"Of course, I want my shoes to be plenty large enough, but at the same time I want them to look neat and trim, you know."

Shoe Clerk—"I see. You want them large inside, but small outside."

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A Polyglot Porter

THE smooth-working organism of a great railway which prides itself on being able to meet any situation in an equable manner, received a rude jolt one day when two picturesquely garbed strangers strolled into the Windsor Depot of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal, and, despite the most elaborate and vociferous linguistic contortions, failed in a most deplorable manner to make anyone understand what they wanted.

Someone who had travelled in the east ventured the opinion that they were Arabs, and the polyglot bombardment which had been in progress ceased in hopeless despair, for the stock of available languages did not go into Kipling's country "east of Suez." Then a "red cap," one of the colored porters who make themselves useful about the station handling baggage between the train and taxicab, stepped up. He relieved himself of

with equal facility. He admits not being as yet equally at home with German, though he has substantial grasp of the language.

Hindustani is his native tongue. Facile English he acquired in England in the employ of a British railway magnate. In the same employ he went to Brazil and Panama, acquiring Spanish in an effortless manner en route. Returning to England with merely his appetite whetted, he took lessons in Italian and French and speedily added them to his linguistic list. The outbreak of the war opened up possibilities of yet more interesting and extensive travel, and he joined the navy as being less likely to remain confined to an area where they spoke the same language all of the time.

Fate played into his hands when he became stationed at Mudros, in the Grecian Archipelago, near the entrance to the Dardanelles. It was not long before he had qualified to keep a fruit store and was looking round for more languages to conquer. He bethought himself of the hordes of Turkish prisoners coming in to the depot, and after hobnobbing with them for a few months, was reading the "Arabian Nights" in the original.

He was demobilized in May, 1921, his one regret being that the part he had played in the war had never given him the opportunity of seeing the interior of Germany, but this lost opportunity he has since made up for by diligent study. He came from England to Canada, and has since been in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Windsor Station, Montreal. Now, when picturesquely garbed strangers from unknown lands appear at the depot, and general efforts to interpret their mouthings of weird sounds are ineffectual, officials send an S.O.S. for Number Eighteen.



JOHN COX

what sounded like a combination of a badly-running Ford and a Sarcee war chant, and had the situation straightened out in no time at all.

Investigation revealed that the railway had on its staff of baggage hustlers a veritable Mezzofanti, a student who for sheer love of the acquisition picks up languages in the easy manner he does suitcases. He is known about the station as Number Eighteen, though this has no reference to his lingual accomplishments. His name is John Cox and his country of origin is British Guiana, though to satisfy his voracious thirst for tongues that other people employ he has strayed far from his native sugar plantations. Spanish, Italian, English, French, Greek, Hindustani and Arabic he can call into requisition at a moment's notice, while he writes most of them

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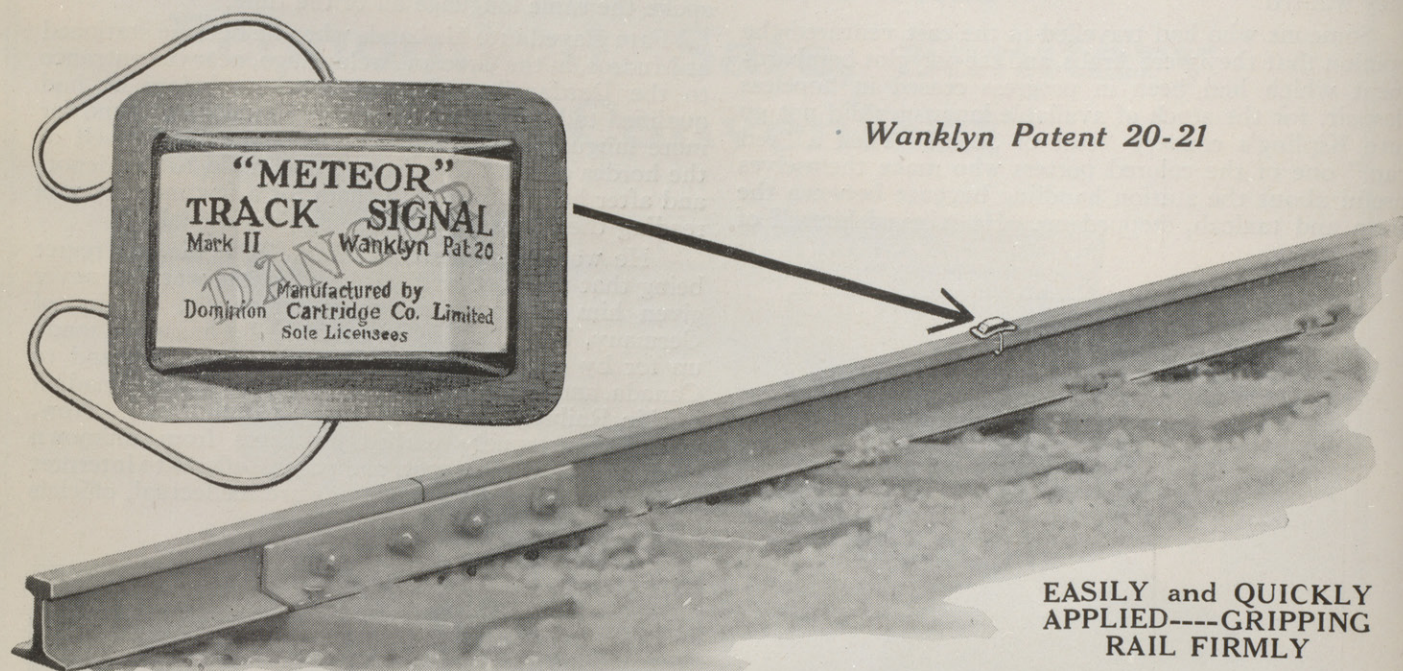
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The Detonation was found to be reliable under trials, the conditions of which were more severe than those likely to be encountered in actual service.

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The brass wire swivel spring is of a form which renders the operation of attaching the signal to the rail simple and quick and cannot be knocked off by the wheel of the locomotive.

After tests under service conditions on the Canadian Pacific Railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, practical railroaders affirm that no engineman can possibly run over one of these signals and fail to recognize that a signal is intended.

This opinion from men who are familiar with the use of track signals fully endorses all that has been said in favor of the "METEOR."

The "METEOR" differs from all other torpedoes. It appeals to three senses—Hearing, Seeing and Smelling—and thereby makes assurance trebly sure.

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Mammalian Life Likely Originated in Central Asia

Great Fossil Fields in Gobi Desert, Mongolia, Being Explored

The London Times recently published the following despatch from its Peking correspondent: The researches of Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, who for some years has been exploring the less-known regions of China and adjacent territory in the interest of the Natural History Museum of New York, are likely to add considerably to scientific understanding of prehistoric times.

Mr. Andrews concludes that Mongolia is one of the greatest fossil fields in the world, and his discoveries in this respect go far to confirm the theory that Central Asia was the centre of the dispersal of the mammalian life of Europe and America. He says that the existence of a land connection between Asia and North America has been unquestionably established.

With reference to the work of the Third Asiatic Expedition under his leadership, now busy in the Gobi Desert at a point about four hundred miles northwest of Peking, Mr. Andrews says:

"The first month of the expedition's work is far beyond our hopes. Where we expected only fragments we have discovered an immense deposit of large and small dinosaur bones. It will require many months to exhaust this region, but we have removed two partially complete skeletons and parts of several others. This includes herbivorous dinosaurs 30 ft. long of the iguanodon type and smaller carnivorous species. These bones are at least five million years old, but beautifully preserved. They probably are related to European types and with our former work, indicate that Central Asia is the ancestral home of the dinosaurs, which migrated to Europe and America.

"The expedition is now divided into two parts. One is working in the dinosaur beds and the other exploring later geological strata. The second group, camped 24 miles south of the first, is working in eocene deposits, the dawn period of mammalian life. The strata are extraordinarily rich in fossil remains. We have discovered the skull of a giant rhinoceros—like the beast known as the titanotherium, which, although it has been buried for three million years, is almost as perfect as though the animal had died a week ago. The titanotheres were previously only known in America. Finding this particular stage in their development shows that they crossed from America by way of a former land bridge to Asia.

"We have found, also, remains of a giant dog-like carnivore, as well as many teeth and jaws of an ancestral tapir-like animal. We could spend easily a year's work in these great deposits, but will give them only enough time to get a few of the choicest things."

On Third Expedition

Commenting on this despatch, Dr. C. W. Andrews, F.R.S., of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, made the following statement:

The Natural History Museum of New York has made three expeditions into Northern China. The last, the report of which has just appeared, was in 1922. It has been wonderfully successful in discovering a whole series of vertebrate fossils of various ages ranging from the Cretaceous, in which the great dinosaur remains occur, up to the middle of the Tertiary (the Miocene), in which numerous mammalian remains have been found, some of very great interest. The dinosaurs from

the Cretaceous include some forms like that of the iguanodon, which were vegetable feeders, and others of carnivorous type. There are also remains of crocodiles and turtles.

The great interest of these discoveries in China consists in the fact that they seem to show that the dinosaurs of Europe and North America, and possibly of Africa, may have spread out from some northern palaearctic regions. Dinosaurs are at present known to have existed nearly all over the world, but the great deposits so far discovered are in the United States and Tanganyika Territory. Dinosaur remains are, however, also found in Europe, South America, Madagascar, South Africa, and Australasia.

The peculiarity of these fossil reptiles is that they usually attain gigantic size and display immense variety of form, so that it is difficult to imagine any dinosaur type that may not actually be discovered; the weirdest, most astonishing shapes are found. Some of the East African forms disinterred by the Germans before the war are probably the largest land animals. One of them, *Gigantosaurus*, must have been nearly twice as big as *Diplodocus*, the North American form, a cast of the skeleton of which is mounted in the Natural History Museum, and measures 84 ft. in length, so that, if the proportions were the same, the *Gigantosaurus* would have been 168 ft., or fifty-six yards long.

Bone Seven Feet Long

Of course, it is not certain that the proportions were the same, because of the extraordinarily variety in type of these creatures. However, the humerus, the bone of the upper arm, of *Gigantosaurus* is more than twice as big as that of *Diplodocus*. A cast of this gigantic bone is mounted in the Natural History Museum. It is 7 ft. 1 in. long, the corresponding bone of *Diplodocus* being only 3 ft. 3 in.

Since Tanganyika Territory is now under British control, it is to be hoped that an effort will be made to collect some of these interesting monster reptilian remains for the national collections. We know that they exist there in great abundance, and that the only problem is the packing and transport of the specimens already excavated, and the unearthing of other specimens.

The mammals discovered by the American expedition in China are also of great interest. One of them a gigantic rhinoceros-like form, is, perhaps, the largest land mammal, the skull being as much as nearly 6 ft. long. The first remains of this animal were found in Baluchistan before the war by Mr. Forster Cooper, and are now in the Natural History Museum; but, unfortunately, he did not find a skull. The animal was probably larger than the elephant and with a long neck. It was found in the Lower Miocene beds. Its distribution seems to show that these Tertiary deposits were very widely spread in Central Asia. Other interesting forms have been found by the American expedition, the scientific work of which is being watched with the greatest sympathy in England, where it is recognized that the results will be most important.

Many interesting dinosaur remains, some of similar type to those to which I have already referred, have been collected from the Wealden beds of the Isle of

Wight. One of the most extensive collections was made by the Rev. W. Fox, curate of Brightstone, a portrait of whom has recently been placed in the gallery of the Natural History Museum. It shows Mr. Fox developing one of the vertebrae of a great dinosaur. Ornithopsis, which he discovered in the neighborhood of Brightstone. Mr. Fox's geological collection is one of the treasures of the Natural History Museum.

Alcohol and Crime Not Near Relatives

(Mail and Empire)

NO matter what reputation a man may have as an expert, he will be attacked when he offers an opinion on a controversial matter. For that reason we suppose that what Sir Basil Thompson had to say recently upon the relation of alcohol and crime will make no difference in the beliefs of those who heard him. That he is an expert should not be doubted. He was head of Scotland Yard for eight years and in the war years was in charge of Britain's secret service. Before that he had been a prison warden for twenty years, and for another five years Secretary of the Prison Board and Chief Inspector of Prisons. In England, he says, there is no relation between crime and alcohol, if by crime one means felonies and misdemeanors rather than trifling offences. It is the habitual criminal who wars with society, he says, and English experience is that the habitual criminal does not drink. If he takes to drink he ceases to be a habitual criminal, for the simple reason that he fails in business. The successful burglar needs steady nerves and a clear head.

Where Alcohol Figures.

In crimes of passion alcohol figures more largely than in crimes that require careful planning and execution. Under the influence of liquor a man often loses control of himself and makes assaults and commits murders that he might not have committed, although Sir Basil says that he cannot recall a single case of murder in England and Wales last year in which one could say that if there had been no alcohol there would have been no murder. He says that if one compares the criminal statistics of England with those of the United States he will come to the conclusion that one must look to something other than alcohol for the true cause of crime. In 1922 there were 63 murders in England and Wales, with a population of 40,000,000, and without prohibition. In the United States, with a population of 100,000,000, there were 9,500 murders. In the United States, according to figures of the American Bar Association, burglary has increased 1,200 per cent. in the past ten years, and in these ten years there has been less per capita drinking, we are told, than in any other decade in the history of the Republic.

Does Not Blame War

Sir Basil also expressed the opinion that the war was not responsible for crime waves, and that it did not develop criminal tendencies in men who lacked them before. He says that the United States did not have a crime wave after the war, which may be a polite way of insinuating that crime in the United States is always at the flood. He remarks that the great increase in American crime began in 1890, the increase being greater between 1910 and 1916 than between 1916 and 1921. In England the greatest crime wave was between 1908

and 1913. It was higher in 1913 than in any war year or any year since. It is true that after the Napoleonic wars there was a crime wave, but that, in his opinion, was due to economic conditions. If a man becomes hungry enough he steals, and this is true at all times, war or no war. At present there is a crime wave in Germany, because living is hard and government has broken down.

Restricting Drink

Living conditions have been hard in England, too, but government has not broken down, and the laws are enforced as rigorously as ever. But more important still, the Government has helped the hungry with unemployment doles and old age pensions. Of sixty-three prisons in the land, the Government has been able to close sixteen, which had all been kept going by seven-day prisoners—vagrants and drunkards. This is proof that the English restrictions of the drink evil have been effective with regard to petty crime. Sir Basil says that at no time throughout the war, even when hardest pressed, had the English any idea of prohibition, for the simple reason that those in authority knew that it would be impossible to enforce it. It was found also that in cases of industrial unrest some slackening of the regulations concerning the sale of beer caused the unrest immediately to subside. Prohibition he believes to be foreign to the genius of the English people, and says that unless national characteristics are changed it never will become the law.

Respect for Law

If respect for the law is to be obtained Sir Basil Thompson says that no law must be passed that is not enforceable and is not intended to be enforced. The judiciary must be above suspicion of political or any other influence. The police must be efficient and not subject to removal or demotion except for faults as police. Punishment must be quick, certain, definite. He believes the English murder rate is so low because out of the 63 murders committed last year, the police brought to justice 56 of the murderers. The shortest time consistent with justice is allowed to elapse between arrest and trial, and between conviction and punishment. It is most important, in his view, that the criminal class shall know that a sentence passed on one of them will not be watered down by boards of laymen. In England the indeterminate sentence applies only to those between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, committee to reformatories, and others sentenced to preventive detention.

U.S. Shipping and Prohibition

(Toronto Saturday Night)

THERE seems to be a disposition abroad to regard the shipping decision of the U.S. Supreme Court as "American arrogance." Such an attitude is based on entire misapprehension of the functions of that Court. It is unique among the world's tribunals in that it has the power of deciding on the validity of laws passed by Congress. In other countries where the parliamentary form of government prevails, parliament is the highest court in the land, and its enactments once passed are accepted as *ipso facto* constitutional. In the United States, however, the Supreme Court may render a statute inoperative by declaring it unconstitutional. Then the only course open is to secure an amendment to

(Continued on page 69)

Cutting and Storing the Ice Harvest



(Continued from page 67)

the constitution, which must have the assent of two-thirds of the state legislatures, In which case, as in that of prohibition, the measure becomes constitutional.

Since prohibition became law by virtue of the 18th amendment, the various measures adopted for its enforcement have been submitted to the Supreme Court and most of them declared constitutional. In the recent decision on the importation and transportation of liquor by sea, the Supreme Court has decided that Congress had the constitutional power to prevent ships of foreign countries from carrying or transporting liquor within the three mile limit, but that present laws are inadequate to itself from that position by shipping its goods abroad. In this regard he believed that Canada should not ship raw materials, but that such raw materials should be manufactured to the highest point possible, thus causing them to yield their full possibilities of labor for Canadians.

What Protection Has Done

"The development of Canada since the adoption of a protective policy in 1878, has been marvellous," he said. "We have only to look at our manufacturing industries, and taking statistics of 1881, we find that the capital invested was one hundred and sixty-five million dollars whereas to-day the capital invested is approximately three and a half billion dollars.

"Turn to the statistics of wheat. In 1880, the output was approximately thirty-two million bushels, while it is estimated that in 1923 the output will be about four hundred and fifty million bushels.

"Another striking example is life insurance, which in 1878 was approximately eighty-four million dollars, whereas in 1920, it was approximately two and a half billion dollars.

"Fire insurance in 1878 amounted to approximately four hundred and ten million dollars, whereas in 1920 it was approximately six billion.

"The total trade of Canada in 1879 was one hundred and fifty million dollars. For the fiscal year 1923, it was about \$2,000,000,000.

Should Aid Home Industries

Mr. Smith closed by referring to the "Produced in Canada" campaign which the Canadian Manufacturers' Association was carrying on. With industry in its present condition, and with employers facing a difficult problem in affording employment to their staffs, he believed it to be simply a matter of self-interest as well as of duty to their fellow-Canadians for the individual citizens to support home industry.

"I think," he said, "we are all pretty well convinced of the desirability of buying Produced-in-Canada goods and thus restricting our importations to these commodities which cannot be produced in this country. Yet in practice there is still a vast amount of buying of the imported article. I think that it is largely a matter of habit. If we want to raise up useful industries, if we want to give employment to our people, if we want to build up communities which will provide profitable markets for our agriculturists, if we want to have a well-rounded Dominion—and surely these are aspirations which all patriotic Canadians must cherish—then we must encourage our own industries to the greatest extent possible."

Mother: "Billy, your music-teacher is waiting for you in the parlour. Are your hands and face clean?"

Billy: "Yes, mum."

Mother: "Have you washed your ears?"

Billy: "Well, I've washed the one that'll be next to him."

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How the Early Settlers Landed in Canada



In this painting by Charles Sheldon, there is illustrated a landing of Scottish settlers in olden days on the Nova Scotian coast, with the piper leading the entry into the new country.

An Apprenticeship Plan

AT the Fifth Annual Conference of the Association of Canadian Building and Construction Industries, which was recently held at the city of Quebec, a paper was ready by Mr. J. M. Pigott, of the Pigott, Healy Construction Company, Hamilton, on "The Shortage of Mechanics and the Cure" in which he outlined a system of Apprenticeship which he proposed for adoption in the Building and Construction Industry. Mr. Pigott's paper was as follows:

There is no question of greater interest to building employers than the shortage of building mechanics. During the past year, with the slight boom in the building business, we awoke to the fact that by a large percentage we did not have sufficient mechanics to properly carry out the building programme of 1922. According to the figures published, contracts awarded in Canada for 1922 amount to about \$325,000,000. At first glance this would appear to be an exceptionally large year, but further consideration will show you that it has been a very ordinary year. In the first place you must deduct from this total engineering projects, totalling \$120,000,000, residential construction totalling \$104,000,000, and when you have done this you will be surprised to find the total for business and industrial work of just \$100,000,000 as compared with \$102,000,000 in the year before, that is, 1921, and \$147,000,000 in 1920. I am deducting these two classes of work because in the case of engineering projects the number is comparatively small and in the case of the residential work it is really outside of our business, and represents, to a large extent, the work of men other than building mechanics.

So that we find that as compared with 1921 and 1920, 1922 is an ordinary year, yet we found everywhere that our volume of business, or the quantity of work we were handling was governed, to a large extent, by the number of mechanics we could get to do the work—and in almost every locality with the possible exception of the west—certainly all throughout the United States and middle and eastern Canada, almost double the number of mechanics could have and should have been used.

If this is the case in a year like 1922, what will you have to face when the building programme of this country is back to the swing of 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1914? According to the contracts awarded in Canada, if the proper allowance is made in the value of the buildings, that is to say, if consideration is given to the fact that materials have advanced 80 per cent and labour almost as much, you will see that in the years mentioned before the war started, we were doing double the work that we did during the last year.

Think seriously, gentlemen, of what your situation actually is in regard to the building mechanics available in 1923.

It is not exaggeration to say that, in spite of all the rosy forecasts for the year 1923, the work which will be done in 1923 depends, not on the willingness of capital to invest, not on our capacity to plan and construct, but absolutely on what the diminishing number of skilled mechanics in this country can actually do.

Capital may be available everywhere, our plants and organizations capable of almost unlimited work, materials manufactured in anticipation and railroads anxious to have them, unskilled labour willing to work and looking for it, but the skilled building mechanic controls the engine of business, and it will have to be valved down, rationed out as it were, to what he can absorb, to what he and his fellows can do, and no more.

In order to talk intelligently as to the best method of improving this condition we must go very fully into the probable causes of it. We can take, however, one short-cut in this respect, that if we can show that the number of mechanics is not increasing, but on the contrary, decreasing, and if we can show that it is not a matter of the volume of business having outstripped the supply of mechanics, then we know at least that the whole fault lies in the fact that we have failed to train mechanics to supply the demand. This brings us very quickly to the apprenticeship question and the fact that we are in our present difficulty due to the failure of our apprenticeship system, both now and back a great many years.

As to the number of mechanics decreasing, it is very hard to get any reliable data in Canada to support statements in this connection. We have ascertained from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics that in the year 1911 we had a total of 245,990 men in the building trades, which they sub-divide into the different classifications, among which, for instance, we see that we have 60,203 carpenters, 18,660 bricklayers, stonemasons and stonecutters, 19,865 painters, 5,815 plasterers, 11,244 plumbers. There are no statistics of this kind available since that time. If we turn to the same department, however, in the United States we find that in 1910 they had 169,402 brick and stonemasons, 273,441 painters, 47,682 plasterers, 14,078 roofers and slaters. The figures for 1920 in these same trades showed in the case of brick and stone masons, 131,264, a decrease of 23.6 per cent; painters, in 1920, 248,479; a decrease of 9.5 per cent; plasterers in 1920, 38,255, a decrease of 19.8 per cent; roofers and slaters in 1920, 11,378, a decrease of 19.2 per cent. These, of course, are only some of the trades in each case.

In the absence of any figures for 1920 in Canada, I believe it is reasonable to assume that we have, in the case of certain trades at least, fewer mechanics year after year, in particular bricklayers and plasterers, and in the case of many other trades, such as carpenters, while there may not be an actual shrinkage in the available number, there is just as serious a condition in the matter of their skill and efficiency. There are very few properly trained carpenters to-day, and they are getting fewer each year.

Then, as to the volume of business outstripping the supply, I think we have already shown in the first paragraph of this paper that business is far behind what it was either in yearly totals or monthly averages, during the years 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1914.

It is, then, entirely a matter of failure of the Apprenticeship System.

Why has the apprenticeship system failed? There are many opinions as to this. A great many of them, while very reasonable, you will find, on thorough investigation, are not sound.

Apprenticeship is a very old institution. At one time on this continent it undoubtedly flourished. Why did it decline and almost disappear?

A proper study of the question will show, and you may be surprised to hear this, that the apprenticeship system has been of little or no use so far as our supply of building mechanics goes, for a generation back. A canvass of the building mechanics who are properly trained will disclose to you a surprisingly large percentage of men who received their training in the Old Country.

(Continued on page 73)

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(Continued from page 71)

But let us go away back as far as we can go to the year, say, 1600. Was there an apprenticeship system then? You will find that there was a very flourishing apprenticeship system. Apprenticeship at that time was the compulsory refuge of the children who became charges on the state. They were not only apprentices, but they were the personal servants and factotums of the men to whom they were apprenticed for usually long terms of years. Then, throughout the seventeenth century, we find apprenticeship, according to authoritative works, flourishing because it was only through apprenticeship that the children of parents in ordinary circumstances could secure an education for their sons. You must bear in mind that our free schools of to-day are institutions which were unknown in the seventeenth century, and education was only for the landed gentry. This was the condition down to and running through the American Revolution. Then we come to what has been referred to by many American writers as "The Industrial Revolution of the United States." This starts at about the year 1800. Paul Douglas, in his authoritative work on the "History of Apprenticeship and Industrial Education," says that right down to the year 1830 "the master worked side by side with his journeymen and his apprentice, and was not sharply distinguished from them by either his earnings or his social position."

The real growth in American industry and the actual Revolution in American industry follows the Civil War, when machinery was introduced in almost all types of manufacturing, and a tremendous development in the industrial life of the States commenced. Hand in hand with this went the exploitation of apprenticeship to the point where it was nothing more or

less than Child Labour, and became a menace to the welfare of the people at large. Paul Douglas says: "It is quite clear that it debased the condition of the children in industry in two ways: (a) It divested apprenticeship proper of its educational features both trade and civic. (b) It added children to industry who were not even nominally apprentices, but merely child labour."

It may be interesting to you to know that out of the abuse of the apprenticeship system and the exploitation of child labour at this time was born our trades unions. They were created at this time for the purpose of stopping this abuse—to curb and control the apprenticeship system. Primarily they were seeking to protect their trades, but at the same time no one can deny that they had justice and humanity on their side. The movement developed with great rapidity—trade unions formed in nearly every trade—and joining together through the sixties and seventies, they forced legislation in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Ohio. These laws made it compulsory to properly indenture an apprentice for from three to five years—he had to be taught every branch of the employers' business, he had to be furnished with suitable clothing, board, lodging, medical attention, and so on—and provided severe penalties for violations.

And, then, we see the pendulum swing to the other extreme. Trade union organization and State legislation soon put a stop not only to the abuses of the apprenticeship system, but the apprenticeship system itself. As an evidence of how far they went, Mr. Douglas quotes from the Boston Journal of July 5th, 1890, which says: "A liberal apprenticeship will do as much as anything else to put a wholesome restraint on Trade Union tyranny and make the mechanic arts again desirable and serviceable to the sons of American citizens."

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It would not be correct, however, to say that the Trade Union movement killed the apprenticeship system in the latter part of the eighteenth century. It would be true to say that they campaigned and agitated so vigorously against it, and by law made it a matter of such grave importance and deliberation wherein the employer must needs be ready and willing to teach the boy his whole business, must be ready to see him housed, clothed and fed, and be responsible for his health, that the employer quite naturally, even as you or I would do, turned elsewhere for his requirements. Fortunately for him and unfortunately for us, it was at his hand—immigration flowed into the United States and into Canada, too, and thoroughly trained mechanics from the Old Lands were there ready, trained and willing to work.

Between this immigration and the rapid development of production by machinery, the apprenticeship system was killed. While the machines and mass production did not apply as directly to the building industry as to manufacturing, nevertheless because of the abuses of the apprenticeship system already explained, the building trades unions found themselves aligned with the other unions in the struggle for restrictions, and these restrictions, coupled with the fact that building trade mechanics were also pouring in "ready-made," are responsible for the apprenticeship system declining to the vanishing point. There is this difference, however, that while the manufacturing interests could turn to machinery to help them out, at which almost unskilled men could serve quite satisfactorily, the building industry was dependent entirely on immigration—consequently, when apprenticeship died out (for by 1910 it was almost nil as a result) and when immigration ceased, it did not take many years to bring about a serious condition, and that is the condition that we are in to-day.

It is a difficult thing to decide what percentage of new mechanics should be provided each year to make up the wastage and increased demand. Paul Douglas says unless one apprentice is trained for every four mechanics, that a trade loses its vitality and a scarcity takes place.

The unions themselves in their regulations as to apprentices have about one to eight or ten. When apprenticeship was functioning properly it would appear that the ratio—for instance, in the carpentering and bricklaying trades—was at one to five. This is a very important side to the question of the scarcity of mechanics, because we must be careful not to produce an over-supply to the extent that the seasonal unemployment has too serious an effect. For our purpose it would appear to me that we would be setting a mark pretty high and doing very well in fact in the next few years if we achieved a ratio of one to ten in the cities.

A careful survey of the work that is being done now with apprentices clear across the country indicates only too clearly just how stagnant the training of apprentices is and just how serious the situation is. The following cities have turned in reports:—London, Sarnia, Ottawa, Woodstock, Peterboro, Niagara Falls, Winnipeg, Sherbrooke, Toronto, Calgary, Brantford, North Bay, Halifax, Galt, Montreal, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Hamilton, Windsor and Quebec. Without going into too much detail, a summary of apprentices in training reported by these places shows:—Masons, 59; carpenters, 50; heating and plumbing, 62; plasterers, 23; sheet metal, 32; electrical, 42; painting, 12; stone-cutting, 5.

If we had in training 10 per cent. of the number of mechanics in these various trades, a simple calculation will show that thousands of these apprentices should be at work. For instance, in the bricklaying, masons and stone-cutting trades, according to the 1911 figures, it would require approximately 360 mechanics to replace even the death rate, and the death rate, according to insurance statistics, is only approximately 2 per cent. Think, then, of how ridiculous the figures appear of what is actually being done. I will not draw any figures from the report of our Dominion Bureau of Statistics as to the number of mechanics in the different trades engaged in this country in 1911, because there are several striking discrepancies in these figures which, to my mind, show that they are not reliable. The only figures available which are any guide at all will be found in the publication, "Labour Organization in Canada," issued by the Department of Labour for the year 1921, which states: "It is estimated that the number of Trades Unionists belonging to the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners affiliated to the Ontario Provincial Council is 7,800. The number of bricklayers, masons and plasterers who are Trades Unionists is estimated at 2,400." If we reach the one to ten ratio in Ontario alone you can readily see that it would mean 1,000 apprentices in Ontario for these few trades alone, and yet for the whole of Canada in these same trades we have approximately 140 boys in training.

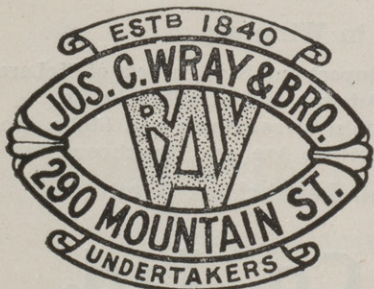
Let me quote a few extracts from the reports of the different cities:—

London, Ont.: "The apprenticeship system in this city is practically out of vogue."

Sarnia, Ont.: "The only apprentice is a young man eighteen years of age, whose father is a bricklayer. When the father is employed the boy goes with him."

Woodstock: "To my knowledge there has not been an apprentice in Woodstock in the last five years."

Peterboro: "It is about twelve years since the last bricklayer and plasterer learned his trade in this city."



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Niagara Falls: "The only apprentice I am aware of in Niagara Falls is one bricklayer apprentice."

Sherbrooke, Que.: "There are no apprentices in any of the trades in our city at the present time."

These quotations give a pretty fair idea of the condition of apprenticeship.

It is not necessary to state that contractors have been fully alive to the urgency of apprenticeship training for the past four or five years. There has scarcely been a convention of any kind during that time where that problem has not been dealt with and efforts made to find a solution. Annually committees have been appointed and reports brought in. Standing committees have endeavoured to find the way out. At the Industrial Conference held in Ottawa two years ago some of the best men in the industry worked on this question for four or five days and submitted a report which has been published by the Labour Bureau and has been in circulation from time to time ever since.

The outstanding fact, however, is that with a full knowledge of the urgency, in spite of high wages being paid to the mechanics, the apprenticeship system is in no better condition to-day; in fact it must be clear to you that as a means of adding to the numbers of our building mechanics, the present apprenticeship system is an absolute and total failure.

Promising apprentices are not available. For many years the percentage of young men entering high school has been increasing. It has been found, and is stated by Dr. Merchant, the Director of Industrial Education for Ontario, that generally speaking, the boys entering high school to-day are lost to us, as, by the time they have completed their high school education, they are headed towards the professions. Since the putting into force of the Adolescent Act and the institution of tech-

nical schools, a sorting out has been attempted, and when scholars reach the age of fourteen or thereabouts an effort is made to interest them in industrial work, and a separation takes place—by far the greater majority going to high school and the balance going to technical school. During the two years that they attend the technical school they are taught subjects which are intended to assist them to choose their vocation when they are sixteen. It is found that of the percentage who choose the technical course, and about two years later decide as to their future training, the number who choose such trades as bricklaying, stone-mason work, plastering and carpentering is practically nil. A small percentage choose some of the inside building trades. So far as Ontario is concerned, the technical schools, generally speaking, are doing nothing in the matter of training building trade mechanics.

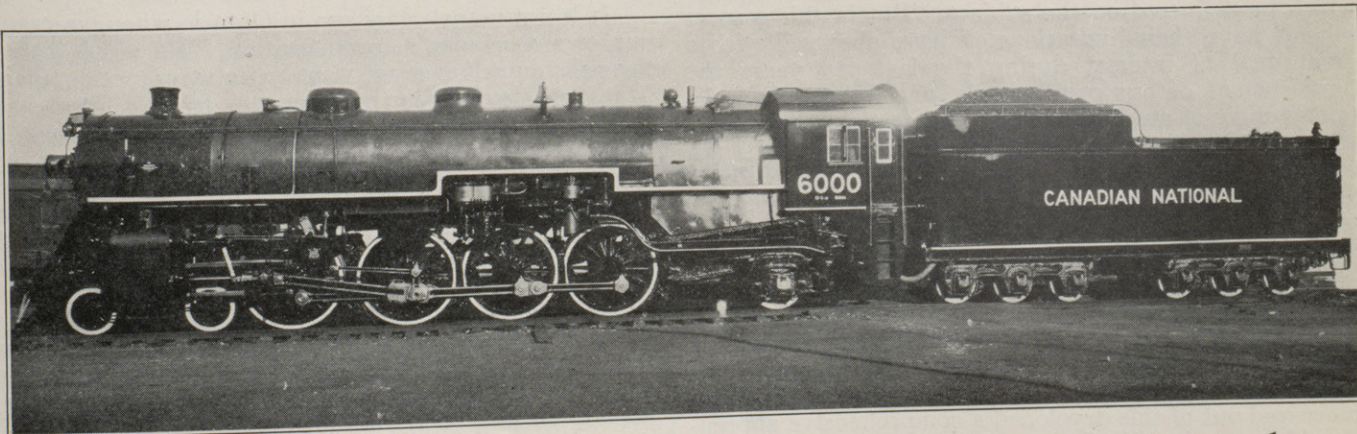
You will understand, of course, that in speaking of technical schools I am naturally speaking of Ontario only. It must not be supposed that this is intended as a criticism of the technical schools. They are no more to be blamed for failing to interest these young men than we are. After all is said and done, the technical schools are conducted to meet the demands of the locality in which they are built, and if their wood-working stands idle, if no classes exist in the bricklaying, plastering or any of the trades of that class, it merely goes to support the statement that building trade apprenticeship does not appeal to the young man or his parents.

Why is this?

Of your own experience you know that apprentices taken on in the spring or summer can be carried through on the work in which they are interested to about the 1st of December. About this time, or shortly after,

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these boys are either laid off and are thrown back on the hands of their parents to be supported for about five months, in which case they generally go into other work, and the employer's money and the boy's time has been wasted, or they are kept on at odd jobs of a labouring nature at the contractor's expense until the spring. This condition is due entirely to the seasonal nature of the building business. It is no wonder that parents endeavouring to have their boys trained in the building trades become discouraged and that others are prevented by what they see from making the attempt. On the other hand, the employer who has trained apprentices during the past few years has seen his work and the investment he has made in the apprentice either lost through the apprentice going into other work, or if he has kept him on, has seen him at the completion of his apprenticeship period striking out for the first employer who will pay the highest wages. Because of this feature, it is difficult to interest employers in the taking on of apprentices. They feel—and feel rightly—that the training of mechanics is as much their competitors' business as it is theirs.

This is the whole trouble of the apprenticeship system today. It is wrong in principle. The training of building mechanics is a matter for the trade at large, to be paid for by the trade at large. On the other hand, the apprentice has got to be sure of steady employment at the trade he has chosen and at steady pay. If we can bring these two conditions about I am satisfied that apprenticeship in the building trades will be sufficiently attractive to provide us with a proper supply of young men.

We are given plenty of instances of trade schools being established, particularly in the United States. I have examined many reports on these trade schools, such as exist in Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco, and I am convinced that while they may do some good, their efforts will barely scratch the surface and the output of such institutions will have little effect on the shortage. In addition to this, they are the result pretty largely of labor difficulties with trade unions and are very temporary in character.

Dr. Merchant, Director of Technical Schools in Ontario, who has made a keen study of the training of youths in industry, had this to say in a recent report which he delivered on the subject: "But in this respect schools have their limitations. I have observed with a great deal of interest during the last ten years the development of our own schools, and I have had the opportunity of studying at close range the operation of the most important trade schools in Europe, and I am convinced that a school cannot alone equip fully a youth as a journeyman in any trade. I am convinced, also, that some form of apprenticeship should be restored in which the school and the shop or the job both take a part in the training of apprentices."

We also have seen in the State of New York and in the State of Wisconsin definite plans for apprenticeship introduced. In the State of New York, following the Lockwood investigation, the Building Congress took place and out of this developed a comprehensive apprenticeship programme. I have the indenture papers and the courses laid out by educational experts for the training of these boys. I personally investigated the working of this plan. I have with me a particularly fine indenture agreement and vocational course as laid down by these experts for carpentry apprentices, which has been worked out at great expense and much effort on the part of enthusiastic employers and their friends, assisted by the Trades Unions, and I can state authoritatively that not one single boy is taking this course. In Wisconsin they have enacted legislation which you will see quoted and

held up as a model arrangement. As a matter of fact, an investigation will show that in spite of the most energetic efforts on the part of this organization in the whole State of Wisconsin, in July, 1922, exactly 172 apprentices in all of the building trades combined were in training.

What then is wanted? It is quite evident that apprenticeship must be a combination of work at the trade under actual building conditions and technical training, with a certain amount of general education in technical schools or some such similar institutions. We can employ apprentices on the building operations for seven months; for the other five months these boys should receive their technical training and general education in the school. For instance, take a class of 50 boys: start them in at a technical school on the 1st of December; turn them out on the 1st of May to be farmed out on the different construction jobs and kept at work under actual building conditions until the 1st of December, then back to the technical school on the 1st of December until the 1st of May. A proper supervision of this apprenticeship during the outside period would give a sufficient variety of work and working conditions to push the boy along in his training to the best advantage.

The system necessarily can only be adopted in centres large enough to absorb at least a proper class of these boys in the different trades. Careful attention will be necessary on the part of the educational authorities and the trades unions and the employer through a small local board to keep the boys in training at the different trades in the proper proportion to the mechanics.

To my mind, the most satisfactory way of conducting this work would be by a blanket agreement between the trade unions through their Building Trades Council and the Builders' Association, with the technical school as sponsors for the boys as the third parties.

The second part of the system would be the payment of these boys in these trades of \$500 a year. That this money be derived from the employers by special assessment by exactly the same means as the Workmen's Compensation funds are collected in Ontario, that is, a percentage of the pay-roll. This may sound somewhat radical, but I believe it is entirely practical.

It is not many years ago in Ontario when we carried our own workmen's compensation. We either carried the risks ourselves or we went to an insurance company. Many accidents occurred where the loss was so great as to put the employer out of business, yet it was not his fault. In many instances the injured workmen lost their compensation or got but a small portion of it, yet this was not their fault. Injuries to workmen and compensation itself was one of those things which grew out of the nature of the business. In spite of all precautions, accidents would occur. The Ontario Government rightly decided that there was something that in justice to all should be borne by the trade at large. The Workmen's Compensation Board of Ontario is an accomplished fact, and there is no finer institution in the business to-day. We are getting good administration; we are free of the risk; the men are sure of proper compensation from the trade as a whole, and the public pays for it.

Is the shortage of building mechanics not just as vitally a matter for the trade at large? Is it not in the public interest? Is it not something for which the public should pay, just as they do now in connection with Workmen's Compensation?

The figures for the Workmen's Compensation for the year 1922 are not yet published. The figures for 1921 for Ontario for Class 24, which is our class which covers brickwork and stone masonry, lathing and plastering,

carpentry, electric wiring, plumbing and heating, painting, sheet metal work and general construction, show that on an assessment of 2 per cent on pay-rolls totalling \$18,750,000, the sum of \$375,000 was collected that year. If this rate were 3 per cent, \$186,000 more would be collected. The addition of 30c to the rate of 1921 on the pay-rolls of that time would produce \$56,000. The rate last year for this class was \$1.80. A 30c increase would give us a rate of only \$2.10, yet it would produce \$56,000. The important point to be borne in mind is that the 2 per cent of 1921 or the \$1.80 of 1922 was figured in the cost estimates of our tenders just as carefully and surely as the lumber, brick and cement. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the Province of Ontario would place in training 300 boys; 150 of these boys might be considered as being added to the ranks of the mechanics each year. I do not mean by this that the period of apprenticeship might be cut down to two years. The period of apprenticeship is a matter to be arranged between the trades unions and ourselves, but no matter what the arrangement is, I am satisfied that with the intensive training that the boys will receive that they will be of great help in their second year.

The proposal, however, is that for the time being, and in order to introduce and perfect this system, that the Provincial and Dominion Governments be asked to bear the burden of this with the employers equally. If this was done, the 30c increase to the rate of the Province of Ontario Workmen's Compensation would not be felt by the employer and it would raise their quota. Ultimately the trade should stand the expense—every trade controlling the number of apprentices and being called upon to pay only its proper share.

When it is borne in mind that the compensation rates in Ontario are less than one-half the rates of any of the States across the line that I am aware of it will be readily seen that we have plenty of money to take care of this problem of ours without inflicting a burden upon the industry.

So far I have dealt with this problem pretty much as I see it in relation to the Province of Ontario. I see no reason, however, why the same methods should not be applied to the other provinces; in fact it is most desirable that what one province does the others should do in like manner.

We have been confronted each winter for the past few years with the problem of the unskilled unemployed, and we have seen many hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in practically every Canadian city in relief. A large part of this unemployment is due in the first place to the shortage of building mechanics or skilled men during the open building months, when many more unskilled men might have been employed had we had mechanics. Apart altogether from this, a large percentage of these unemployed are unemployed because they have no trade, for have we not on the one hand an oversupply of unskilled men at too low a wage to maintain them through the winter, and on the other hand a shortage of men at too high a rate in comparison?

Except as an emergency programme, the importing of skilled mechanics from other countries is not sound economy; what we should have in this country is the training of our own boys.

Immediate steps should be taken, in my opinion, to secure the co-operation of the trades unions, for I believe the time has come in our industry when there are many things of this nature in which our interests are more or less identical, where we should work in closer harmony for the benefit of all. In the matter of apprenticeship I am sure we will obtain help and co-operation of real benefit from organized labor

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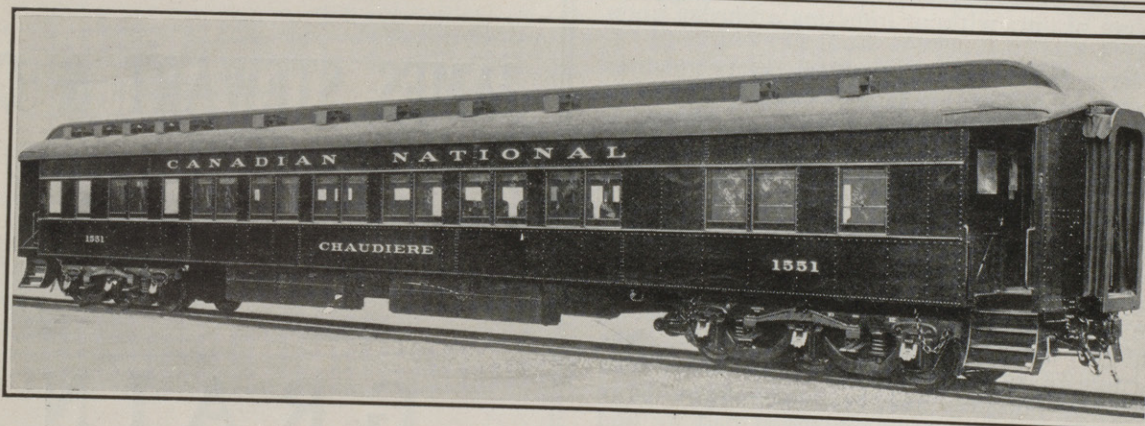
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No Oglethorpe Bones for Georgia

THE British House of Lords was invoked, the State Department at Washington was urged to uphold American rights, Atlantic cables burned with heated messages, and the whole State of Georgia was divided into pro- and anti-removal camps. It all had to do with the discovery of the last resting-place of General James E. Oglethorpe, the Englishman who founded the State of Georgia and returned to pass his declining years, and be buried, in England. England had forgotten all about him, even to the location of his tomb, but Georgia has kept his memory green in the name of a famous fortress, a monument, any number of streets, and a university. Therefore, when Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, finally discovered the Oglethorpe tomb, in Cranham, England, the event, it appears, meant even more to Georgia than the discovery of Tut-Ankh-amen's tomb, last year, meant to the world at large.

Dr. Jacobs said, according to a dispatch to the "New York Times," that until he undertook to recover the remains, "very little knowledge was at hand regarding Oglethorpe's life and death in England, even the Government being unable to tell him anything about the birth of the General, his career in England, or the place of his burial." The University president is quoted as announcing, from the scene of his discovery in Cranham, that:

"Until we definitely located his ashes, General Oglethorpe was almost a nonentity so far as England was concerned. The passage of a century and a half since his death had obliterated his memory from the minds of the English people, and had even removed his name from English history. In fact, it had been entirely forgotten here that the General's last years were passed under a cloud, he having been court-martialed for being a member of the Royalist party. On the other hand, his name, character and achievements are widely known in the southern part of the United States, where he left his impress forever.

"In America his greatness lies; therefore it is in America that his ashes should rest."

As when the question of removing Tut-Ankh-amen's bones came up, some months before, there were cries from the British public against desecrating a tomb—only in this case the cries were louder and longer sustained. The London "Morning Post" opposed the removal, and, in the words of a special dispatch to the New York "Herald":

Appealed to the public to protest on the ground of patriotism and of reverence for the dead.

"We are proud that an Englishman should deserve such honors as are suggested by the people of Georgia," said the newspaper, "but his fame is the more reason why England should cherish him."

The London "Times" also joined the protesters. From never having heard of General Oglethorpe before, the British public became so stirred by the Georgia University president's proposal that the old General became one of the leading topics of the day. Evelyn Wrench, Secretary of the English-Speaking Union, wrote to the London "Times":

"General Oglethorpe was born an Englishman and died an Englishman, and I can not for the life of me see how English-speaking friendship will be improved by removing his remains."

Dr. Jacobs threatened that, as the Associated Press reported, "he might take the case to the Privy Council, which is the Final Court of Appeals of the British Empire." The London "Daily News" objected editorially that:

"Americans can raise enough money to take from us our old paintings and our historical books; now they want our bones. Those of Princess Pocahontas could not be found, but General Oglethorpe's dust lies at the mercy of those who would use it to give an air of establishment to a modern university.

"So far as the people of this country are concerned, the bones do not trouble them much. The American style seems to them a strange form of reverence, and if the fashion spreads our graveyards may soon be full of American tourists digging up their great-grandfathers.

"But here are other considerations. General Oglethorpe did more than give his name to Oglethorpe University. He was a member of the House of Commons for thirty years; he fought against the Turks; his conduct against the Scottish rebels was the subject of inquiry. Shall not Westminster and Constantinople and the Highlands have their claims considered?"

Dr. Jacobs retorted, as reported by the cables:

"We have an unassailable case, backed by the Governor of the State of Georgia and endorsed by the United States Government and a large part of the British public. We intend to spare neither time, effort nor expense to achieve our purpose. If necessary we will engage the best legal and ecclesiastical experts, and the president of our Board of Trustees may come over to prosecute the case."

It is true that one or two residents of Cranham have protested to the Home Office, which has referred the protests to Chancellor Charles, but, on the other hand, the entire Parochial Church Council of Cranham voted a resolution in favor of the removal of the body, and the project has the unqualified endorsement of the pastor of the church where General Oglethorpe worshipped, was married, and was buried.

In the meantime, on this side of the Atlantic, controversy became equally warm, if not warmer. Several patriotic organizations of the city of Savannah voiced a solemn official protest against removing the old general from his native heath. A dispatch from Atlanta, announced, on the other hand, that:

"With the single exception of Savannah, Georgia is practically a unit in praising the initiative of Oglethorpe University and its president, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, in their efforts to bring back to Georgia the bodies of General James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of this State, and his wife, who are buried in England."

This interest has been shown by telegrams and letters received here from every section of the country, and by numerous requests to arrange it so that the final funeral trip of the famous General will pass through as many Georgia points as possible.

Inspired by this defense of the project, the editor of the Macon "Daily Telegraph" joined the "antis" with the following editorial:

"We have been fully impressed with the various things that were needed in Georgia to make her progress substantial and lasting, but the disinterment and removal to Georgia of the remains of this illustrious individual was not on our list.

"There is something of the sacred about the last resting-place of a human being. When death threatens one, if he could have sufficient notice to be able to speak his wishes—and usually the wishes of the dying should be respected—it is hardly probable that the one marked for passage or transition would consider for a moment being interred except in the bosom of mother earth he regarded as his home, where he had his friends and associates, among familiar scenes of his youth—for as old age comes on apace, it is to these scenes that the mind turns. The stories and memories of childhood become more distinct, dearer. A man might in his time have been a pioneer, he might have gone forth to untried fields, to taste of new adventures, and enjoyed it. But when night overtakes him he wants to sleep under the stars twinkling above his home, his people, his childhood. The time for visiting, for moving about, for changing beds, is at an end. Shakespeare's epitaph invokes a curse upon the one who disturbs his bones.

"General Oglethorpe spent nine years in this country. We can and will think just as much of him right where he is as we will with him over here."

Even before this detailed argument had reached England, however, Dr. Jacobs had decided that the British opposition to the removal was so wide-spread that he would give up the idea. Howard Carter, he recalled, had decided that old Tut-Ankh-amen, even though his Egyptian bones might be far more interesting than the British ones of General Oglethorpe, should remain in his original resting-place. Although Oglethorpe University is denied a new shrine, he remarked in his announcement of relinquishment, he is glad that England has discovered a new hero.

Stopping Rust on Railway Tracks

THE life of track-fixtures may be greatly extended by the use of a protective coating, we are told by an editorial writer in "The Railway Review" (Chicago). In the days when untreated ties were used on railroads, the writer says, the average life of a good tie was about eight years, and it was expected that the spikes and tie plates, where the latter were used, would have approximately the same life. As the supply of timber dwindled, more expensive track construction became the practise. Treated ties, heavy tie plates, heavier rail, more and better ballast, and better designed joints, were almost universally installed. He goes on:

With the requirements of a track structure with which would support heavier loads and increased traffic was the obvious effort to eliminate, or at least reduce to a minimum, the mechanical wear of the tie. A few roads adopted the screw-spike for the purpose of more securely fastening the rail, and to eliminate the abuse of the woodfibres caused by driving the ordinary cut spike. It was also hoped that the life of this type of spike and of the heavy tie-plate would equal the longer life of the treated timber. The results did not meet the expectations, especially on lines which had heavy movements of refrigerator cars, as the salt-drippings from these cars quickly attacked the unprotected metal of the track structure.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R.R., in 1910, adopted what is still an advanced standard of track construction. After four years' time it became evident that such a standard could not be justified unless some means could be found to stop the excessive corrosion of the rail and fixtures. Obviously it was foolish to install steel track-bolts, screw-spikes, tie-plates, costing from 40 cents to 60 cents each, and other fittings of like

character, if they would last only one-half to one-third as long as the treated tie. As the result of an effort to stop this corrosion a plan of oiling the rail and fixtures was worked out. The cost of applying the protective coating is merely nominal, and can easily be justified by the saving effected on any one item entering into the track structure. So far as we know, the Lackawanna is the only road which has made an organized effort along this line, but we believe that any railroad could obtain measurably the same results from a like practise.

Mrs. Gads: "You thought nothing of buying me expensive flowers during our courtship."

Mr. Gads: "Yes, I did, my dear, I thought a great deal about it, but I was such an empty-headed fool I bought them just the same."

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Chicago as a Bootlegger of Canadian Water

GETTING away with the Great Lakes, or at least with more than her fair share of the water in them, is the charge brought against Chicago by Sir Adam Beck. "An amount of water about equal to that which passes over the American Fall at Niagara" has at times been diverted, according to Sir Adam, the prominent Canadian hydro-electric authority and industrial mobilizer of Canada's water-power. The claim that this is injurious to Canada, he backs up with a quotation from the United States Secretary of War's refusal to authorize any "further diversion of water, manifestly so injurious to Canada, against Canadian protest." This was in answer to a request from the Sanitary District of Chicago for permission to draw 10,000 cubic feet of water per second from Lake Michigan into the Chicago Drainage Canal. In spite of this fact, according to Sir Adam Beck, the Sanitary District has been diverting "in excess of 8,000 cubic feet per second, and, it has been rumored at times, some 10,000 cubic feet or more." Her only sanction by the United States, says he, is for 4,167 cubic feet, a right which "Canada has never conceded nor recognized."

How can Canada object to Chicago's use of Lake Michigan, a wholly American body of water? It will be remembered that the Great Lakes formerly flowed to the sea entirely through the St. Lawrence River. It is not so widely known that Chicago's drainage canal diverts very considerable amounts of water from Lake Michigan into the Gulf of Mexico, via the Illinois River and the Mississippi. This is to flush Chicago's sewerage, and in addition to raising objections from the Mississippi Valley on this account, it has brought remonstrances from the Lake cities because of the lowered level of navigable waters. The claim is made that the water in the Great Lakes belongs to Canada and ourselves jointly, and no division is possible or desirable. Here is a part of Sir Adam Beck's statement in the Toronto "Canadian Engineer":

"It is, of course, an obvious fact that the abstraction from the watershed of the Great Lakes of any large quantity of water must materially affect the levels of the Great Lakes, producing, in consequence, a serious effect upon navigation.

"It is my desire rather to refer to the tremendous loss which the whole Dominion sustains by reason of losing the hydro-electrical energy which might be developed from the large quantity of water which Chicago is diverting.

"The power developed from the diverted water utilizes only a relatively small head, whereas this same water would develop many times the power if flowing to the sea via the Niagara Falls and St. Lawrence Rivers. If 10,000 cubic feet of water per second were diverted by Chicago and were returned to its natural channel, then it would develop at the falls and rapids in the Niagara and St. Lawrence Rivers approximately 500,000 horse-power, of which over 300,000 would belong to Canada. Upon a conservative basis 500,000 horse-power may be considered the equivalent of 5,000,000 tons of coal per annum, and, at a recent price of soft coal, the equivalent of about thirty-five million dollars.

"The State of Michigan, the State of Wisconsin, the State of New York, the provinces of Ontario and Quebec and the Federal governments both of the Dominion of Canada and the United States, have all registered

strong protest against illegal diversion of the waters of the Great Lakes by the Sanitary District of Chicago.

"Three hundred and fifty municipalities in the province of Ontario, comprising practically all the cities, towns and villages in the more settled portions of the province, have invested in their municipally-owned hydro-electrical undertaking \$250,000,000, and in the future this amount will annually be increased by millions of dollars.

"The action of the Sanitary District of Chicago in illegally diverting from the Great Lakes system the enormous quantity of water which is being turned into the Mississippi River is an act without parallel on the American continent.

"As a remedial measure, the Sanitary District, according to its own statement, proposes to construct regulating works, one in the Niagara River below Buffalo, and another in the St. Lawrence River at Galops Rapids, at an estimated cost of \$2,500,000, to be borne by the Sanitary District. It is contended by the Sanitary District officials that these remedial works will restore the lake levels which have been disadvantageously affected by the diversion at Chicago."

On the other hand, L. K. Sherman, a consulting engineer of Chicago, is quoted in the same magazine to the effect that Canadian and other hostility to Chicago and her drainage canal is founded almost entirely on lack of knowledge of the facts:

"The maximum lowering effect of the surface of any of the Great Lakes due to the diversion of 10,000 cubic feet per second at Chicago is 5½ inches. This has been determined by many government engineers. The fluctuation of the Lakes Michigan and Huron from natural causes amounts to 4.6 feet, or over ten times the amount due to any possible diversion at Chicago. The low lake stages of January, 1923, were at that same low level twenty-eight years ago—five years before the drainage canal was opened.

"The diversion at Niagara for power, at the Welland and New York barge canal, the water-power diversions on the St. Lawrence, and the channel improvements connecting the lakes, all affect the lake levels and connecting channel depths. Chicago can not be singled out as the sole transgressor with impunity to others."

The remedy, says he, lies in the construction of compensating or regulating works in the Niagara or St. Clair rivers, and at the outlet of Lake Ontario. These can be relied upon to raise lake levels, just as the present works in operation at Sault Ste. Marie have controlled St. Mary's River for several years. It is for the cost of such remedial works that the City of Chicago now offers to reimburse the governments concerned. Mr. Sherman concludes:

"On May 3, 1906, the International Waterways Commission, United States, and Canada, recommended that the Government of the United States prohibit the diversion of more than 10,000 cubic feet per second for the Chicago Drainage Canal. This is all that Chicago is asking for and the Sanitary District of Chicago is offering to pay for that by reimbursing the governments for the cost of regulating works which will inure to the benefits of all of the Lake States and the Dominion of Canada."

East: "It's hard to keep a good man down."

Fauntleroy: "That's why they put such heavy monuments over some of them, I suppose."

G. B. S. versus G. K. C.

(Hesketh Pearson, in *The Adelphi*, London.)

I had for years longed to be present at a word-war between intellectual giants. And at last, most unexpectedly, my desire was gratified. It was at the house of a friend in Chelsea. Mr. Bernard Shaw had been there for at least an hour and was just on the point of leaving when Mr. G. K. Chesterton was announced. They instantly started a debate, as naturally as a cat and dog start a fight, and the rest of us grouped ourselves round them, as naturally as street-loiterers surround the cat and dog.

Consider my position. It was both fortunate and difficult. To begin with, my wildest dream had been realized. Here were, beyond comparison, the two greatest word-jugglers of the century. One of them was a greater man than Socrates—yet I knew he had no Plato. The other was a greater wit than Johnson—yet I knew he had no Boswell. Could I, then, enjoy myself to the full and take no thought for the morrow? Did I not rather owe a duty to posterity, and was I not bound to preserve, at any rate, ten minutes of that feast of reason and that flow of soul which, but for me, would be lost to the world forever?

I only had about half a minute to make a decision. Well, I was not conscious of making a decision at all. I simply know that my hand went to my pocket-book—posterity no doubt guiding it there in spite of myself—and before Mr. Shaw had got the first sentence off his tongue my pencil was busy.

Here, therefore, is that remarkable discourse, given just as it came, in the raw, hot from the brains of the mighty disputants.

G. B. S. Have you any adequate excuse to make us for not being drunk?

G. K. C. I am desperately drunk. There is only one form of drunkenness I acknowledge—the drunkenness of sobriety. As a consequence of not having tasted a drop of wine or ale to-day, I am suffering from “delirium tremens.”

G. B. S. In that case perhaps you will please tell us why you are sober.

G. K. C. That, I fear, is quite impossible. I can explain nothing when I am sober. Sobriety clouds the mind; drink clears it. I would explain anything, at any length, under the calming, clarifying influence of drink. If only you would take my advice, your own style, to say nothing of your mind, would improve beyond imagination. At present your writing is too parenthetical; you wander, lost, in a maze of speculation, in a pool of prudery. Compare with your straggling sentences my crisp phrases. I dip my nib in the pot of Bacchus.

G. B. S. I don't believe it for a moment. Your pretended love of wine is a snare and a delusion. It is skillfully paraded and exploited by yourself in order to catch all the brainless bairns who look to romance to lead them back into the Garden of Eden. Of course you are superlatively clever; no one denies that. And the cleverest thing you ever did in your life was to hang out the signboard of medaevism. You suddenly realized with a shock that there was no room for a second Shaw among the modern intellectuals. Were you daunted? Not you! You instantly proclaimed to the whole world that you had examined Socialism and found it wanting. Actually you had examined nothing except the state of the book-market, a very cursory glance at which revealed to you that the camp of reaction lacked a

brain to give its ideals—or want of them—expression. At the same time you had to admit, even to yourself, that you were a democrat at heart, and your great difficulty was to reconcile your modernism with the exigency of the situation. So what did you do? You talked about Guilds, about Peasant Proprietorship, for all the world as if Henry V. were occupying the throne of Edward VII., and by carefully evading every knotty point in the Socialist ease and riding roughshod over the unanswerable annihilating logic of the Fabians which cropped up at every turn, you managed to rally all the wild, romantic idiots in the country round your banner. Then, in order to increase your following and grapple the converts to you with hoops of steel, you professed yourself a High Churchman and a deep drinker. Your slogan became: Back to the land, back to the priest, back to the bottle. Up to a certain point I am willing to believe that all this paradox-prancing, all this intellectual hunt-the-slipper and anachronistic nursery-nonsense, appealed to you. Whether you ever seriously believed in it, whether you have ever seriously believed in anything, I am quite incapable of deciding, since you don't really know what you believe or disbelieve yourself. But there dawned a day—a terrible day for you—when Hilaire Belloc came into your life. Then indeed you were lost forever. He made you dignify your monstrosities with the name of Faith. For you, at any rate, he turned your pranks into prayers, your somersaults into sacraments, your oddities, into oblations. By degrees, under his influence, your fun turned to fury. Because the Roman Church says that the indiscriminate breeding of babies is the first duty of civilized man—meaning, of course, babies born for the Church of Rome—you turned and rent the Eugenists whose sole crime is that they prefer healthy babies to diseased ones. You even suggested that Sir Francis Galton, a charming old gentleman of unblemished moral character, must have been a prurient blackguard whose loathsome lewdness was fitly camouflaged by the imposition of this obscene science upon the world. With viperish violence, and under the same influence, you then fell upon the Jews. Forgetting, with characteristic absence of mind, that Jesus Christ was distinctly Hebraic, you implied that all the dark and dirty dealings in the world were directly traceable to the malign activities of that race. You whipped yourself into a frenzy on the subject; you even paid £1000 for the pleasure of saying in print that a certain Jewish gentleman—who naturally sued you for libel—was a scoundrel. . . . And yet we all know perfectly well that you aren't half as bad as you paint yourself. I asked you just now why you weren't drunk. The reason I did this was because in all your writings you glorify inebriation to such an extent that anyone who doesn't know you must assume that you spend the whole of your time in staggering from pub to pub and scribbling your books and articles against the various lamp-posts en route. I, of course, know it's all bunkum. I know that everything you say is bunkum, though a fair amount of it is inspired bunkum. I realize that the only reason you ever go near a pub is to placate your own admirers, who may have come from Kamchatka in order to see you and who would be scandalized almost to the verge of suicide if you didn't stand up and soak your quart like a man.

G. K. C. All of which merely goes to prove you prefer potatoes to potations. Your natural love of truth

has been undermined by an acquired love of turnips. The real battle of your life has not been Socialism versus Capitalism, but Vegetables versus Veracity. Your case is extraordinarily interesting, and I think I can state it in about half the time you took to manufacture a purely fictitious case against me. Elsewhere I have made it perfectly clear that you are a spiritual descendant of Bunyan, that you are, in fact, an out-and-out Puritan.

G. B. S. As I have spent the greater part of my life in telling the world that Bunyan is better than Shakespeare; it did not require a superman to point out that I have more in common with Oliver Cromwell than Charles the First. But to call me a Puritan in the old-fashioned sense of the word is sheer folly. All this nonsense about my spiritual ancestry, though an excellent family joke, is frightfully misleading. You must really switch unto something else. It is my firm opinion that nearly all the Puritans in history who were not born fools were unmitigated scoundrels. I must therefore ask you to be good enough in future to qualify the epithet. You can do this in the following manner: "When I call Mr. Shaw a Puritan, I merely mean to infer (1) that he doesn't spend his nights under a table, a victim to mixed drinks, (2) that he doesn't write his books under the influence of opium, cocaine, or morphia, and (3) that he doesn't keep a harem."

G. K. C. Your objections to being called a Puritan are puritanical and beside the point. I have written a book proving up to the hilt that your Puritanism is fundamental. You have been unable to answer it.

G. B. S. I have spent my life answering it both before and since the appearance of your book—which, by the way, might just as well have been entitled: "Gilbert Keith Chesterton by Himself."

G. K. C. I don't doubt your 'belief' that you are not a Puritan. I simply state it as an indisputable fact that you 'are' one. For the sake of argument I will grant that you may not be a Puritan with a capital 'P,' but you are certainly a puritan with a small 'p.' That however, is a metaphysical quibble. The real case against you is not that you prefer Bunyan to Shakespeare or John Knox to Mary Stuart or Shelly to Byron or Ibsen to Pinero—but that you are constitutionally incapable of understanding the Catholic standpoint, which is, I need scarcely say, my own standpoint.

G. B. S. How in thunder can I understand a point of view that doesn't exist? Your standpoint is that there is no standpoint. Has anyone on this planet yet discovered what opinions you really hold? Has anyone even discovered whether you hold opinions? There is not a single principle in the universe that you have ever seriously attacked or seriously defended. No one knows anything about you. You have never told a soul what you believe, why you believe it, or whether you believe that there is a Belief. Your whole life has been spent in obfuscating issues. You fight the good fight with all your might—not in order to win, because that would mean the end of your fight, but for the mere pleasure of fighting. You pitch on some opponent, whom in your heart of hearts you secretly admire for the ruthlessness and sincerity with which he holds his convictions, and then you proceed to graft the most preposterous opinions and inconceivable legends on him for the sole purpose of launching a terrific crusade against him. You are just like Don Quixote, and though your lunacy on some occasions makes him seem pale by comparison, you yet contrive in some mysterious manner to be your own Sancho Panza.

G. K. C. Exactly; and anybody but you could see that the combination of these two extremes forms the Catholic standpoint. You might almost have been

quoting me when you said that the Catholic standpoint is that there is no standpoint. The only man who can conscientiously take up a definite standpoint in religious matters is the atheist. The atheist states as a positive fact that there is no God. Thereafter he is able, by a perfectly logical process, to prove this and to prove that to his own complete satisfaction. The Catholic is not so pragmatical as the atheist or the Puritan. His Faith is built on Belief, not on Knowledge—falsely so-called. He is consequently able to appreciate and sympathize with every form of human activity. He takes the whole world to his heart. He loves because it is human to love, hates because it is human to hate, eats, drinks, and is merry because it is human to eat, drink, and be merry. He leads a crusade, not because it is right, but because it is glorious, to do so. He is neither positive nor constructive. He is not even consistent. Every book I write, every article I pen, every argument I use, contradicts some other book, some other article, some other argument of my own. What does it matter? Life is contradictions, and we are Life. We accept Life as a gift from God; we do not accept God as a gift from Life. You Puritans—

G. B. S. I have already told you that I am not a Puritan!

G. K. C. You Puritans, I say, fashion God in your own image. You conceive the truth to lie in yourselves. You would not be content merely to remould the world nearer to the heart's desire; you would recast it entirely to the highbrow's dream. The magnificence of uncertainty, the splendor of ignorance, the sublime impossibility of Nature, the marvel and mystery of this miraculous and ridiculous thing called Life—all this is lost on you. It is lost on you because yours is a world of rush, not rollic, where the station hotel has usurped the wayside tavern, where the draught of beer has given place to the sip of bovril, and where Shakespeare and Homer have been run to earth by Sherlock Holmes. . . . We Catholics do not pretend to a knowledge we have not got. We see a thing that we believe to be harmful and we fight it. We see a thing that we believe to be good and we love it. We would not take it upon ourselves to say that this is altogether wrong, or that altogether right, because we think that the wrong may be created by God for a purpose, which it would be presumptuous in us to divine. When you Puritans can explain, conclusively and convincingly, how the daisies grow, we will be willing to believe that you can teach us something. Until then you can hardly expect us to accept your verdict that beer was not made for man but for watering cauliflowers, that Jews were not made for Jerusalem but for the financial control of Christendom, that babies were not born for the home but for the laboratory, and that man was not made to enjoy himself but to read Fabian tracts and listen to University Extension lectures.

G. B. S. I think I catch your drift. If a manure-heap close to your front door were fouling the neighborhood, you wouldn't remove it because God might have placed it there in order to test your sense of smell.

G. K. C. I couldn't overlook the possibility that my next-door neighbor might be a Socialist; in which case the manure-heap would have its uses.

G. B. S. You are evading the point.

G. K. C. Points are made to evade. Consider the history of the rapier.

G. B. S. There is no getting at you. You are as bad as Dr. Johnson. When your pistol misses fire, which it usually does, you knock your opponent down with the butt end. Will you never come to grips?

G. K. C. The art of argument lies in the ingenuity with which one can hide and seek simultaneously.

G. B. S. But what becomes of your philosophy?

G. K. C. My philosophy is in the thrust, not the parry.

G. B. S. I don't see that. You must be able to hold your own field while you are advancing on the enemy's territory.

G. K. C. Not necessarily. If any attack is strenuous enough, the enemy will require all his strength to hold his own fortifications.

G. B. S. And if he succeeds in holding them?

G. K. C. Then I retire, bring up my reserves, and attack him again in a totally unexpected place.

G. B. S. But if he attacks you while you are retiring?

G. K. C. I go to ground.

G. B. S. I see. Heads you win, tails he loses, all the way.

G. K. C. Precisely.

G. B. S. Thank you. I am wasting my time. Good evening. (Rapid exit of G. B. S.)

"Well," said a lawyer, as he entered his condemned client's cell, "good news at last."

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Chemistry's Tremendous To-morrow

SOME chemical marvels that he thinks may be evolved in years to come are named and described by Irenée du Pont, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., in an interview printed in the Sunday Magazine of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat." "The man who put into words some of the things he believes chemistry will do," began Mr. Du Pont, "would seem a fit subject for an insane asylum." Nevertheless, braving this fate, he then proceeded to enumerate some of the possibilities of the future in the chemical field, among them synthetic food, artificial wool, the conquest of disease, the entire or partial abolition of sleep, storage of solar heat, heatless light, cheap fuel, and greatly prolonged mental and physical vigor in the course of human life. "What is the greatest thing chemistry could do for humanity as a whole?" the interviewer asked at the outset. "There is no 'greatest' thing," Mr. du Pont replied, "for the reason that there are a number of great things which chemistry can and will do which are not comparable." He continued:

"Thus, a study of the ductless glands will likely lead to the identification of some 'reagent' which, properly supplied to the human system, will maintain the vigor of youth far beyond three-score-years-and-ten. This does not refer only to sexual vigor, but to the power—more important to maintain—which enables a young man to work longer hours and withstand fatigue which can not be withstood by men who have reached their mental prime of life.

"I think it is likely that material will be found which, taken into the human system, will accomplish the results of eight hours' sleep. This will change the active existence of a man from sixteen hours a day to twenty-four hours a day and, incidentally, make extraordinary changes in our every-day life.

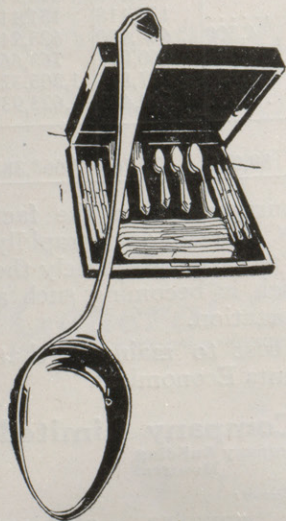
"Antidotes or methods of suppression will be found for every disease. We have already gone so far in this direction that no one can question the matter of complete dominance over disease at some day in the future.

"A balanced ration will be evolved, possibly largely synthetic, which will eliminate all digestive disturbances, and at the same time make our minds and bodies more efficient to an extent almost beyond belief. At that time humanity will look back on the eating of promiscuous viands in very much the way that we look back on the drunken debauches of the Middle Ages.

"Looking further into the future, the time will come when the carbon dioxid will be eliminated from the atmosphere, this because carbon dioxid is being continually fixed as carbonate of lime in greater quantities than it is being liberated therefrom. When it is eliminated vegetation must cease to exist, because it is dependent largely on the carbon dioxid of the air for its supply of carbon. When vegetation ceases to exist, all animal life must soon perish, unless a substitute food is found.

"Synthetic chemistry must face the problem of making synthetic food. A mountain of limestone and a waterfall supply the chemical raw materials and energy

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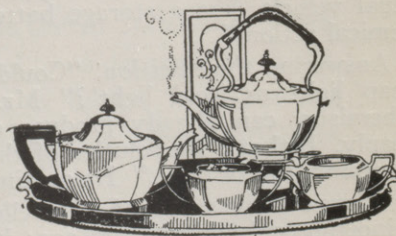
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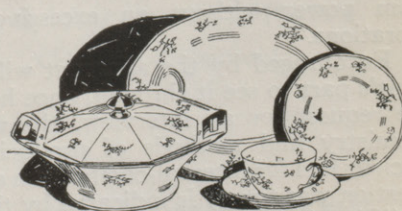
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required to make sugars and starches. The method will be evolved much before the necessity arises.

"You can choose for yourself which of these things is the greatest."

The next question was: "What prospect, if any, is there of chemistry accomplishing these things?" Mr. du Pont replied:

"The prospect is certainty, provided civilization does not 'commit suicide.' By this I mean that it seems quite sure that civilization is more or less unstable, and by destroying any of its foundation stones the entire structure may crumble, involving the destruction of most of the accumulated knowledge and the cessation of further progress for a prolonged period of time.

"Even though this self-destruction is self-curable in that humanity would probably struggle back through dark ages to a new civilization, that in turn may crumble from the same self-contained causes, and this may be repeated through the ages required to make the earth unsuitable to sustain barbaric or semi-civilized humanity; if so, mankind will then become as extinct as the dodo.

"As a preventive of this it would help if our so-called progressives would take a leaf from the scientist's book and try their experiments on a laboratory scale before trying to apply them to the entire economic system. Would it not be a good plan to set aside some small territory to be used as a 'test tube' for economic research, and be patient enough to try proposed schemes there for a generation before applying them wholesale elsewhere."

"Can chemistry provide heat from sources at present not in use which would be cheaper or better than the burning of oil or coal?"

"Probably not. That result probably will be obtained by the physicist rather than the chemist, although chemistry will be involved. We shall have to obtain our supply of heat from the sun when all the oil and coal are burned. It is only a matter of finding a vehicle which will absorb the heat from sunlight and carry it to the point of consumption. If that vehicle is a cheap storage battery which will be charged by means of a device for converting radiant energy from the sun into electric current, you can classify it as an electrical apparatus, but likely the actual vehicle, like a storage battery, will depend on chemical action."

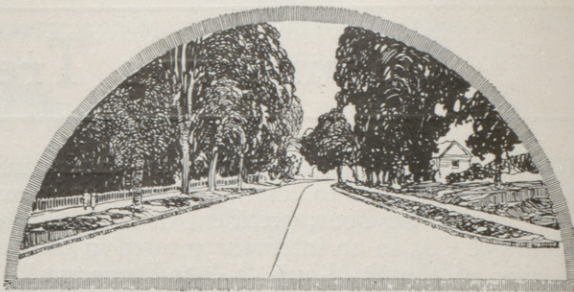
Answering the question, "Could chemistry produce cheap light or 'cold light'?" Mr. du Pont replied: "Chemistry can already produce cold light, but not cheaply. If that is the solution of the lighting problem, it certainly can be done." He continued:

"Consider the standard of excellence in illuminating engineering only fifty years ago; it was the kerosene lamp. Consider the standard of excellence to-day; it is the tungsten electric bulb. The improvement in efficiency has been so great that it would seem reasonable to suppose illuminating engineering will eventually obtain light from power without an excessive amount of heat vibrations."

Encouraged by the apparent willingness on Mr. du Pont's part to see it through, once he had acquiesced to the request for an interview, the writer asked, "Will chemistry find methods of producing cheap or more efficient fuel for internal-combustion engines?" That the question was timely is indicated by the reply:

"Chemistry is on the eve of doubling the efficiency of internal combustion engines using the present fuel. That improvement will be extended, but, of course, can not pass the theoretical."

"Is it theoretically possible to harness atomic energy?" was next asked.



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" 1913	146,421	1,190	321,389	469,000
" 1914	90,520	10,670	449,125	550,315
" 1915	37,480	17,439	627,495	682,414
" 1916	52,010	9,742	446,998	508,750
" 1917		16,740	432,530	449,270
" 1918			131,118	131,118
" 1919	10,560	4,500	608,180	623,240
" 1920	95,624	8,000	660,044	763,668
" 1921	55,711	11,734	1,237,878	1,305,323
" 1922	74,465		1,549,468	1,623,933
Total, end of 1922.....	805,668	80,015	6,777,700	7,663,383

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"There is no question that enormous stores of energy are bound up in the atom," said Mr. Du Pont. "There is no question that some atoms spontaneously break down, releasing part of that energy. To my mind, there is no question that all atoms came into existence at some time in the past, that conditions which created radium or lead might have been changed into such as would have resulted in hydrogen. It is, therefore, within the bounds of possibility that lead can be broken down to some simpler substance, thereby liberating part of the energy stored in the more complicated atom."

"Will chemistry produce a material as warm as wool, yet cheaper?"

"The immediate response was: 'Research, whether it be chemical or mechanical, surely will. In fact, I applied for a patent on changing cotton fibre in a manner calculated to make it "as warm as wool." The application was not granted because I did not demonstrate that it would work. I have never taken the time to try experiments required to get conditions which will regularly produce the desired result.'"

The time granted for the interview had long been exceeded; but, despite that, another question was put. It was: "What are the greatest problems chemistry is endeavoring to solve?" Mr. du Pont replied:

"I am not sufficiently familiar with what others are doing to hazard an answer, but it would seem to me that it is likely that the most important problems now being attacked are the biological ones, such as endeavoring to cure or prevent tuberculosis and cancer."

"I am surprised that I have never heard of any one attempting the simpler problem of prevention of hardening of the arteries, to which we will all succumb if we do not get killed off by something else first."

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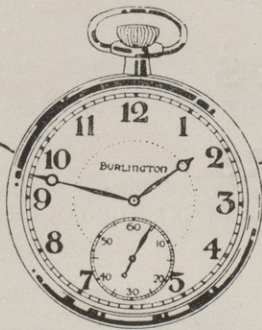
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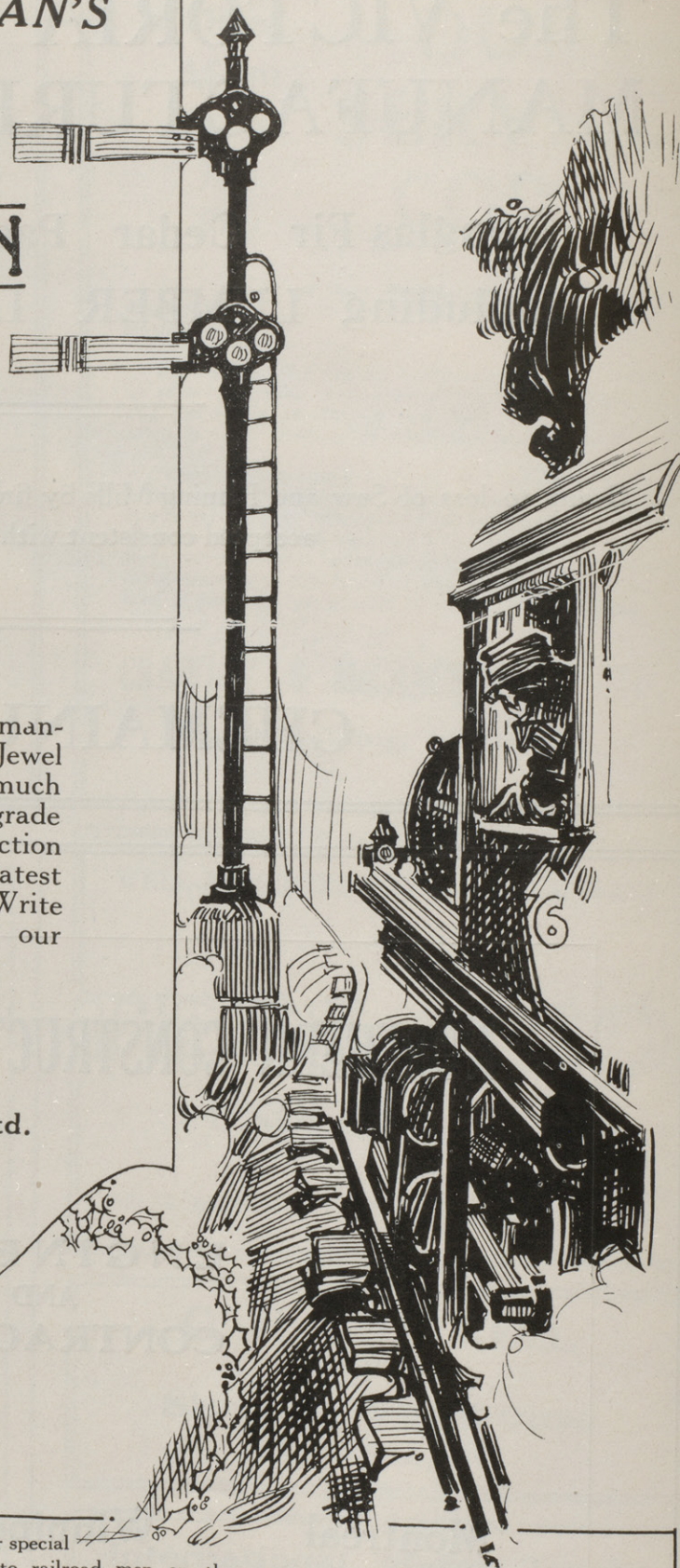
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C.P.R. Pensions System Shows Great Results

THE Canadian Pacific Railway is this year celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the foundation of the Company's system of pensions for the employees, and a review of the results obtained following upon the inauguration of that department shows how widespread have been its benefits, and what an important effect it must have had on the development of the esprit de corps for which the Company has come to be world-famous.

It was in 1902, long before it was the custom for the big industrial and other organizations of this continent to give much thought to the social life of their workers, that the Board of Directors, under the Presidency of Lord Shaughnessy, looked into the future for the benefit of those who were laying the foundations of the service that was to take so large a part in the up-building of Canada. It was about then that the full vision of the bold, far-seeing men who had first dreamt of and then created the Canadian Pacific Railway as a great nation-building enterprise, began to be clear to the eyes of all men, and the Directors at that time were in no way behind their predecessors in realizing the imperative necessity of erecting the superstructure of the organization on a plan that would ensure its permanence.

In railways, perhaps more than in other enterprises, the human equation is the chief factor in ensuring success or failure. It deals with human beings direct and the relations existing between the company and the public it serves are likely to reflect the cordiality or lack of cordiality that exists between the company and its operatives and officials.

It may be that some such thought was in the mind of those who inaugurated this pension system, but it is more likely that the predominating thought was one of humanitarian consideration for the welfare of the thousands who then made up the system. In any case, in December, 1902, the Directors passed a resolution stating that a time had come when provision should be made for officers and permanent employees who, after long years of faithful service, had reached an age when they were unequal to the further performance of their duties, and announcing that a plan of superannuation had been determined upon.

The plan was a generous one. The Company provided all the money necessary, and the employees were not called upon to contribute to it in any way whatever. It was a tremendous thing to undertake, and it has grown more tremendous as the Company has developed and spread more than half way round the world. In 1903 when it was first put into effect Canadian Pacific employees numbered about 20,000. To-day they approximate 90,000, and everyone of them, from the humblest stenographer, office boy, or "track walker" or even the minor employee at some far-off outpost in China or in Europe, has old-age sustenance guaranteed so long as he or she stays with the Company.

The first contribution to the pension fund was \$250,000 which was supplemented by annual grants starting at \$80,000 which have from time to time been increased, until for some years past it has been \$500,000 annually. To the end of 1922 the Company had contributed a total of \$4,715,000 to the fund while payments on pensions had amounted to \$3,857,802 leaving a balance to the credit of the fund of \$1,640,103. In 1922 the total payments made amounted to \$508,051, and at October first of this year the total number of the Company's pensioners was 1,182, each of whom was drawing an average of \$35.92 per month. It is of interest to note

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that since the pension fund became operative, 677 pensions have become inoperative through the death of the beneficiaries.

Having in view conditions of increased living costs which then prevailed the world over, the Company, in 1919, allowed the pensioners an additional bonus of twenty-five per cent of their regular allowance. This went into effect on May first of that year and continued until the end of June, 1922. In view of the modification of the condition that made it necessary, that bonus is this year set at twenty per cent.

By far the greater part of the money is of course distributed in Canada, just as is the case with the Company's vast payroll of over one hundred millions annually, and the many millions it yearly spends on the purchase of supplies under the policy of distributing as much of its expenditure as possible in the country.

The operation of the fund is simplicity itself. Upon reaching the age of 65 every employee who has joined the staff before reaching the age of forty is entitled to retirement if the Company so desires and can claim a pension of one per cent of the average monthly pay received for the ten years preceding retirement for each year in which he has been in the Company's service. This is as the system was first devised twenty years ago, and there has been but one amendment to its provisions. In 1908 it was found that in some cases the amount of the pension so calculated was insufficient to protect the recipient against want as was intended and it was provided that henceforth the minimum amount of pension paid would be \$20 per month.

That this system has been a big factor in fostering the efficiency so largely identified with Canadian Pacific operation is undeniable. Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the Company, speaks of it not only as a prime necessity in these days of sociological progress, and as an inherent right of those who give lives of faithful work to Canadian Pacific service, but also as one of the things that has helped to bring into existence the high standard of co-operation that exists between all branches of the Company's service. "It is helping to make contented employees," says Mr. Beatty, "and that is the first requisite of faithful, efficient service."

ABVS.

"Your abbreviations," sighed the visitor, "I can not understand zem."

He pointed to a lamppost bearing the sign:
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PUDDINGS OF ALL KINDS

(For Sauces, Custards, etc., see page 65)

ABOUT BOILED PUDDINGS

BEFORE attempting a boiled pudding, be sure that you have a good mold with a tightly-fitting cover in which to cook it. You may use such a substitute as a bowl with a floured cloth tied over the top, but this may allow the water to enter and ruin your dough. The best substitute for a mold is a lard pail with a top, which may be made more secure by trying it on. Always grease your mold thoroughly--top, bottom, and sides--and leave room for the swelling of the contents. Three hours will be, as a rule, the longest time required for the boiling of a pudding of ordinary size. All boiled puddings should be served as soon as they are cooked.

APPLE PUDDING

Peel and slice a few nice cooking apples, and put into a pan to the depth of 2 or 3 inches. Add sugar to taste and any desired flavoring. Make a batter of 1 cup sweet milk, 2 small teaspoons soda, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, and 2 tablespoons cream. Stir with a fork until smooth. Pour over fruit, and bake in a quick oven. Note: Fruit, or chocolate, may be used.

vanilla. Beat well as for a cake, but do not have too stiff. Add a little more milk if required. Peel and cut up the apples, and mix with the batter. Butter a deep pudding dish and bake in a quick oven. Other fruit can be used instead of apples. Serve with any sweet sauce.

APPLE JACK

1 egg buttermilk
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup lard
1 cup flour to thicken
bottom of pudding dish with
sugar. Set pan in
water. Sprinkle with
sugar and butter. Finish with
sugar and little bit

PUDDING



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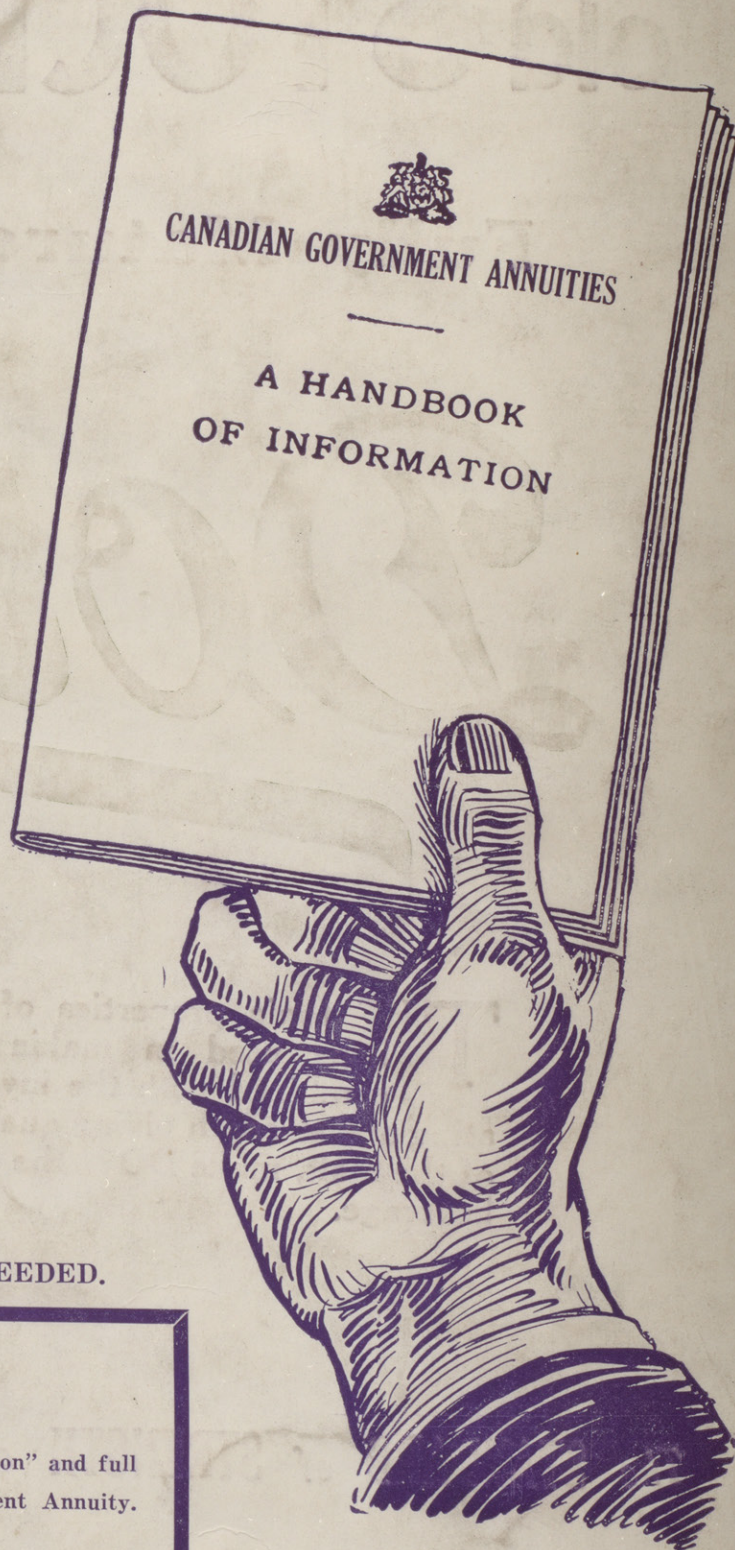
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